VOL. CCVIII, No. 2712

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 2, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

In this Issue—

GLASGOW—A PANORAMA OF THE CLYDE

Special Section with Articles by GEORGE BLAKE and MORAY MACLAREN

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

Grant's
Stand Fast
Scotch Whisky

TENNENT'S LAGER
TRADE MARK
—Enjoyed the world o'er—
BEER AT ITS BEST

CIGARETTES by ABDULLA

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE.
RONUK
POLISHES

By Appointment
Cerebos
Traditionally the salt of quality

"Get Younger every day"
William Younger's Ales & Stout

VAPEX
For head colds
B-R-E-A-T-H-E THE VAPOUR from the handy POCKET INHALER
of all chemists
V316
USE VAPEX AND BREATHE FREELY

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10. ST. JAMES'S STREET. LONDON. S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office : Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2

The Pelican, that feathered freak,
Is famed for his capacious beak.
Guinness provides the reason why—
His bill is for a week's supply.

G.E.1833.B

Presented by Arthur Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd., Park Royal, N.W.10.

By Appointment to H.M. The King

Manufacturers of Land-Rovers The Rover Co. Ltd.

The "go-anywhere" vehicle

The Land-Rover is more than a sturdy four-wheel-drive truck — it is a versatile farm implement with an amazing diversity of uses. The rear power take-off can be used to work any farm equipment requiring belt drive or it may be spline-coupled to a specially designed winch or other equipment requiring positive drive. The centre power take-off provides vee-belt drive for equipment mounted in the body space. If desired a capstan winch can be fitted in front, driven off the front end of the crankshaft. Write for full details of this amazing adaptable vehicle.

Britain's most versatile vehicle—

LAND-ROVER

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM

CVS-64

DEWAR'S "White Label"

SCOTCH WHISKY

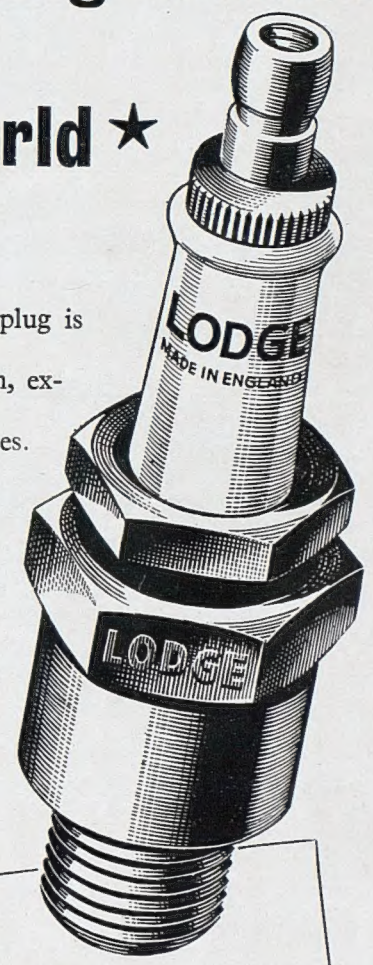
never varies

LODGE

SPARKING PLUGS

for your car

are basically the same as used by leading Airlines of the World ★



The most vital part of a sparking plug is the insulator, and 'SINTOX' insulation, exclusive to Lodge, is standard to *all* types. Superlative performance by Lodge in so many aircraft today—and in so many motor racing successes as well —*prove* that they are the plugs for *your* car.

★ Over 21 of the world's leading Airlines fit LODGE Sparking Plugs including B.O.A.C. and B.E.A. These famous engine-makers—Rolls-Royce, De Havilland, Bristol, Armstrong-Siddeley, Alvis—also fit Lodge.

FIT **LODGE** *SPARKING* **PLUGS IN YOUR CAR**

The experts' choice *for superlative engine performance*

Standard models from 5/6, obtainable from all accessory dealers and garages.

British made throughout by LODGE PLUGS LTD., RUGBY

In comfort to lovely

ITALY

and the Continent!

WHETHER you wish to travel in a party or 'under your own steam', go CIT; for CIT is a world organisation . . . 95 CIT offices throughout the world, 64 of them in Italy.

For independent travel, enjoying the advantages of CIT organisation *without extra cost*, please ask for our booklet **THE CONTINENT . . . THE EASY WAY.** Or plan *your own* itinerary and ask us for a quotation.

For 1952 two series of luxury tours have been arranged—(1) to the **Italian Lakes, Dolomites and Venice** (69 gns. inclusive), and (2) a **Grand Tour of Italy** (72 gns. inclusive), for which we will gladly send you our leaflet **'TO LOVELY ITALY IN COMFORT'.**

We have also arranged a series of 16-day economy tours to Italy at a cost of **from £32 upwards**, of which details are given in a separate leaflet: **'TWENTY ECONOMY TOURS'.**

March in sunny Sicily!

A 20-day luxury tour of Southern Italy and Sicily leaves London **March 16th**. '*All-in*' *cost :* £86 (*V-Form only* £33).
A few bookings are still available.

Book—through CIT—air, sea or land travel . . . accommodation . . . for any destination in the world.

Consult your Travel Agent, *or*
the Holiday Information Director,

CIT (England) Limited, 66/68 Haymarket, London, SW1
WHItehall 3682-3-4-5 Telegrams: Italcit Lesquare London

How much money can I take with me?

Every monetary problem that arises when you are arranging to go abroad can be dealt with promptly through any branch of Lloyds Bank.

The Bank will tell you how much money can be taken, issue Travellers' Cheques or Letters of Credit and permitted amounts of foreign currency, and undertake any other monetary arrangements that may be necessary for any journey on business or pleasure, across the Channel or across the world.

Let LLOYDS BANK
look after *your* interests

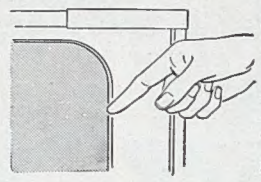
1677

WHY YOU SHOULD CHOOSE PROJECTION TELEVISION

Big picture giving maximum enjoyment

In theory, there is *no limit* to the size of picture with Projection Television — but, of course, if the picture becomes *too* large it is unsuitable for normal home use. The picture on the latest Philips Projection receiver is therefore 16 inches by 12 — the ideal size for the average home, so that you, your family and friends can sit back and enjoy the programmes in maximum comfort.

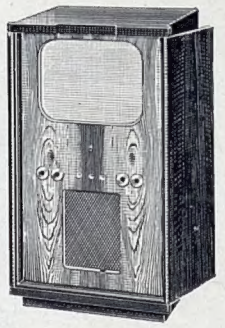
Flat picture right to the edge of the screen



There are definite reasons why Philips Projection gives the *best* picture :—(1) The screen is flat right to the edge — which prevents all false curves or distortion as well as irritating reflections from lamps, windows or other objects in the room. (2) There is no glare — due to the fact that you don't have to look directly at the source of light, and also because on the dark screen it is not necessary to have such intense whites to achieve tone contrasts. (3) The gradations of tone are much more subtle.
Now, therefore, with Philips Projection you can enjoy for the first time in your home *the sort of picture you have been used to all your life on the cinema screen.*

Big picture in comparatively small cabinet

Philips Projection Television also gives the *most economical* picture, costing less per square inch of screen than any Direct Viewing Model. It is economical of space, too — since it gives a big picture in a comparatively small cabinet. And, of course, the workmanship and materials throughout are of the highest quality. As always, Philips is the name you can trust.



PHILIPS
PROJECTION
TELEVISION

DEPENDABLE RADIO
LAMPS AND LIGHTING EQUIPMENT
' PHILISHAVE ' ELECTRIC SHAVERS
CYCLE DYNAMO LIGHTING SETS

PHILIPS

' PHOTOFLUX ' FLASHBULBS
SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS
CINEMA PROJECTORS
RECORDING APPARATUS, ETC.

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

(PR.895

Volume CCVIII No. 2712

The SPHERE, London, February 2, 1952

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE—THE PRINCESS ARRIVING AT THE HOME OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CEYLON IN ADDISON ROAD, KENSINGTON, SHORTLY BEFORE SHE LEFT LONDON EN ROUTE TO KENYA, CEYLON, AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND ON HER ROYAL TOUR WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : This visit to the High Commissioner enabled the Princess and the Duke to discuss some of the plans for the forthcoming tour. Colombo will be the first port of call for the liner *Gothic* when she sails from Mombasa, where the Royal travellers will join her after their Kenya visit.

After a brief rest in England following the arduous and triumphantly successful Canadian tour, which from coast to coast evoked such extraordinary enthusiasm, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh set out this week on an even longer tour, which will take them to four Commonwealth countries. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due in Fremantle, Western Australia, on March 1, but their flight to Kenya this week really marked the start of the tour. After various functions in Nairobi the Royal travellers arranged to go to their wedding-gift home at Nyeri, on the slopes of Kilimanjaro (see page 152 of this issue), and after a short rest amid these tropically beautiful surroundings, they are due in Mombasa on February 7, where they join the liner *Gothic*. They will reach Ceylon on February 14. On February 16 the Princess will open the Colombo Plan Exhibition, and on February 21, after a week on the island, they will embark for Australia.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CANADA'S FIRST CANADIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL

MR. AND MRS. VINCENT MASSEY : The former Canadian High Commissioner in London, a vital figure in the councils of the British Commonwealth during the war, has now been appointed Canada's first Canadian Governor-General, succeeding in the post Field-Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis, whom the King has relieved of his duties in order that he may be free to take on other responsibilities. Mr. Massey was born in Toronto of an old Canadian family which for over 100 years has been well to the forefront in business, education and the arts.

DALADIER, THE YOUTHFUL ELDER STATESMAN

THE BAKER'S BOY FROM CARPENTRAS STEPS OUT : M. Edouard Daladier, the former French Premier who held Ministerial office time and time again in the years between the wars, is now in his sixty-eighth year, but appears more youthful than in the days of Munich, when he guided his country's fortunes. He is seen in this picture leaving the Elysées after attending a Presidential reception in company with Madame Daladier. They were married recently at a ceremony just outside Paris.

A CLAN MEETING IN NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE

THE MACLEODS OF SKYE IN LONDON : Members of the Clan Macleod assembled last week at the Royal Empire Society Hall in Northumberland Avenue, London, for the annual clan gathering. This picture, taken on the occasion, shows Mrs. Flora Macleod of Macleod, chief of the clan, who travelled from her home at Dunvegan Castle, Skye ; her grandson, John Macleod of Macleod, heir to the chieftainship ; and Mr. A. F. Macleod, clan secretary.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Scare Atmosphere.—The President of the Board of Trade showed Cardiff last week a realistic picture of our economic plight and problem. There is little more we can *sell*. American loans and Marshall Aid are *done*. We can't borrow any more on our credit. We are now just beginning the task of repaying some of our vast borrowing. Gold and dollar reserves are nearly out ; will be totally out by the end of 1952. Inflation is rushing in on us, the value of our money is melting away. Unless we buckle to as a united nation, determined to work more and claim less to save ourselves from bankruptcy, we shall not be able to buy enough food to keep ourselves from starvation or enough materials to keep our factories ticking over—in short, we shall face (and very quickly) bankruptcy, starvation and unemployment. That is realism ; it is also the bare truth and a very ugly picture. While Mr. Thorneycroft was showing it at Cardiff, Mr. Attlee was at Manchester with a different, party-picture on show. When Labour came to office in 1945 (he said) the situation was every bit as bad. But we (the Socialists) did not go about whining nor create a scare atmosphere. We got on with the job. Why do the Tories make such a song about a situation no worse than that which we faced in 1945 ? He is condemned out of his own mouth, since he admits that the situation in 1952 is extremely grave and that only greatly increased production and much harder work can save it. He and his team were "getting on with the job without whining" for seven years—and they left a "little bill" as a legacy to their successors of a magnitude which this country never before in its existence was called upon to settle. If a scare atmosphere is not to-day the right atmosphere to generate, I don't know what atmosphere will stimulate this nation to save itself by its exertions. Mr. Attlee in office and in Opposition has proved a little too "easy" for me. And now Parliament is met once more and we may hear what the Tories intend to do to stave off this disaster ; we may hear something to our advantage or disadvantage, according to the way you look at it.

IN THE STEPS OF HIS MASTER : Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government, seen at Desford, Leicestershire, as, in the best Churchillian manner, he carried out bricklaying operations on the housing estate of the Market Bosworth Rural Council after he himself had opened two new houses on the estate, both built for under £1,000. The houses at Desford, conforming to the Dudley standard, can be built in a period of twelve weeks. Guidance on building more and cheaper houses without lowering essential standards has been sent by the Minister to all local authorities. Some of the suggested designs, it is estimated, would reduce the average cost compared with houses now being built by £150.

Waking the Sleeper.—This country is not yet awake to the acute dangers which now immediately threaten it. For my part, I need no assurances by leader-writers and Ministers to convince me that that is true. The evidence hangs on every bush and twig. We are in danger of a currency collapse such as Germany faced after the wars. We have never yet experienced that sort of total collapse. Then again, round the corner, there still jitters the bogy of a third world war, invasion, and so on. We haven't been invaded since 1797, when Tate landed at Fishguard with a few hundred Paris cut-purses. Why are we not awake to these dangers ? Is it because, though warned, we have no experience of them to make them real, or because we have lived so long cheek by jowl with bogys that we regard the lot as hollow turnips ; or is it because our leaders have hitherto failed to warn us so clearly and constantly as to induce belief and produce action ? It is all three, and it is unfair to blame our leaders *in toto*. They have two jobs, and those jobs are inconsistent. If they tell us that war is inevitable and bankruptcy practically certain, they remove the "stability," the hope, the impetus necessary to new endeavour, harder work and greater saving and restraint in demands. If they tell us that the chances of war are now lessened, we go back to our pools, darts, football and wage demands and turn a deaf ear to Civil Defence and Home Guard calls. If they tell us that there is still time to save ourselves by our endeavours from financial and total collapse, we heave a sigh of relief and wait to be instructed how we, individually, can help. And the time passes quickly and no instructions come ; merely vague and general exhortation. No legislation adds one more hour to everyman's working day. No instruction comes down to the county councils to cut one-half of their superfluous committees and agenda and waste of paper. On the contrary, new legislation for ever increases the number of these committees. So it is in matters large and small. What, then, will wake the sleeper ?

Government Expenditure.—Even the Socialist ex-Ministers who demand more subsidies for coal, food and inland transport, and reliefs in individual cases, must to-day clearly realise that, as Dr. Hill said, we are living and dying far beyond our means, and that only by economising in national expenditure can we stave off the day of final ruin. If they do indeed see what is within a foot of their noses, then indeed they are monkeys busily sawing through the branch they sit on. The Tory Government came in on a promise that Government expenditure *could* be pruned. They sent out orders to all departments to effect substantial cuts . . . somehow. We shall probably have to wait till April to learn if that election promise was pie-crust. We know that every suggestion to prune expenditure in the field of education has already been damned as barbarism. Still, something may be done, a pruning of .05 per cent. or of 5 per cent. over all. Who knows ? I ask myself whether local government heard a whisper of the cry to Whitehall ? I can speak only of my own limited contacts with my own local government. If it heard that cry and took it as an order, it is very slow to respond. The cost of printing, typing, stationery and postage of agenda, notices, directives and mere blurb in connection with committees and associations, justified perhaps in times of plenty in a very rich nation, never ceases to rise. New committees spring up as a result of new Acts. Everything must be done on Whitehall pattern. The agenda must be printed. The Chief Constable's reports must go out to each member in a number of long envelopes. The printed work in connection with a standing joint committee's quarterly meeting would fill an omnibus. And forever the rates go up and the pomps of local government increase.

Economy and Hard Work.—It is accepted that economy in Government spending and harder work by most of us are high priority essentials to-day. It takes time to organise both these reforms ; economies must be agreed, opponents to this or that economy must be satisfied, and harder work as a general practice in many trades may be very hard work indeed. We mustn't be too ready to label instances of waste of time by plumbers, builders, and so on (and many are cited in the Press every day), as always scandalous or instances of time-lags in reasonable economy as shameful. It is inevitable that a Chatham-Strachan situation—one authority held up by lack of decision by another—must often arise. As an example, it appears that the Festival staff four months after its wind-up still employs nearly 300, who draw a weekly wage of about £2,500. The director, it appears, still draws his £3,000 a year. No doubt he has many urgent problems still to settle. The trouble has been divided authority. The Ministry of Works long ago agreed with the L.C.C. to remove unwanted buildings from the site by June 1. But the L.C.C. has not yet decided what temporary buildings it wants removed. Early in February they may bend their minds to this problem. Meanwhile. . . . Meanwhile, let us be fair-minded and temperate ; watchmen are necessary, so are packers and clerks and transport workers for the job of storing and returning loaned exhibits, and the Festival stores at Langley and in Glasgow have been doing a job which was necessary for many weeks after the end of the Festival. But £120,000 a year for a dead Festival's surviving staff is a big bill to pay for divided authority and we must hope that before the Budget, the wizards and workers of the late Festival will earn their keep from other and more essential services.

Canada's New Governor-General.—Canada stood out longest against the fashion of the Commonwealth nations to secure a King's representative

from their own countrymen. Lord Freyberg is not an exception. He was New Zealand born and bred. It is a natural aspiration since the Statute of Westminster, but I doubt whether in Canada, in theory or as a general rule for the future, the decision is 75 per cent. popular. It is nearly 100 per cent. popular among French Canadians. In the past decades since the World Wars, Canada has " imported " from England a very solid supply of successes, selected, and accepted by her, from the Old Country. Nearly all of these proconsuls came home again with the handsomest chits from Canada, and most of them were socially popular. None more so than Lord Alexander. It might well be that the Canadians would have deferred for another term this natural, national aspiration if it had not been that in Vincent Massey there was available a veritable " ram caught in the thicket." Mr. Massey indeed satisfies every demand and answers every possible objection. Taking the objections first, not only Canadians would object to the appointment, as King's representative, of a Canadian who all his life had been a party protagonist in politics. Mr. Massey has been deliberately outside and out of Canadian politics for twenty years. The Commonwealth as a whole and the Mother Country would object to a Canadian who had little or no experience of England and English political and social life. Mr. Massey has been for twenty years regarded, and used, in England as a 100 per cent. Englishman. He has the experience, the dignity, the understanding of the importance of tradition and ceremonial as representative of the Monarchy, the charm, the wit, the tact, the manner and the ability, to make an ideal Governor-General. In fact, he is an Admirable Crichton, ripe for the purpose, and I fancy his ripeness was all. But it is right to emphasise that if the ceremonial and traditional pomps which properly invest the King's representative begin to be scrapped, much more will be lost than local " colour " and romantic splendours. Some conservative Canadians and female hearts will no doubt sigh for the loss of some of this romance and pomps associated with imported V.I.P.s, but they will not realise the full extent of the loss. But Mr. Massey's term will open under the most favourable auspices possible.

Russian Diplomacy.—The old diplomacy is admittedly dead. The open diplomacy of the international conference table has taken the place of the secret methods of the chancelleries and the cosy chats of ambassadors. And by that change one meaning in the definition of diplomacy has ceased to exist, the outward form of good manners, tact, civility, the velvet glove covering what often enough was a mailed fist. The rulers of modern Russia have utterly rejected it. As a result, modern diplomacy can rely less and less on the comfortable convention that a world civilisation and an international code of behaviour and morality still exists to justify a high standard of good manners. It requires no great degree of cleverness in an orator to recognise the reactions of his audience. The least practised speaker can see when his stock joke falls flat or his favourite phrase or quotation fails to come off. If the modern Russian diplomat possesses average intelligence, he can hardly fail to have noticed two facts. The majorities which vote against his proposals at the international conference-tables are growing larger and more solid. The yawns evoked by his vituperation and reckless indictments which preface all his proposals for peaceful settlement grow more and more open and cavernous. The mildest ration of common sense should by now have convinced him that he is boring his world audience and losing the ear of the house. Further, that his insults and invective are hitting him and his country's reputation for culture and statesmanship far harder than the reputations of the Western Governments which he trounces. If he has any historical sense he should be able to judge to-day by the records of the past ten years the success which his policy might have attained, if he had not abandoned the velvet glove and relied solely on the mailed fist. There have been one or two notable examples in a decade of the electric effect of a proposal couched in terms of moderation and civility by the Russian delegate. From these he might deduce that Russia could get almost anything she asks at the conference table, if only she would put it politely and without pestilent propaganda. And indeed what section of world society remains to be convinced or won over by Russian propaganda ?

An Act of Faith.—We are so used to the " hope deferred " which comes from wordy resolutions unbacked by any means of implementation, that a conference last week at Church House secured no limelight at all, although the Minister of Housing welcomed the delegates. These delegates were made up of ex-diplomats and banished Ministers from countries now enslaved and behind the Iron Curtain, and they called themselves the European Movement Conference. Their theory or working argument is that the Iron Curtain will not shut off Eastern Europe for ever, and they accordingly met at Church House to plan for that distant Greek Kalend, to seek out the methods and the means of restoring to these countries, one by one, the blessings of the freedoms and of democracy. Mr. Macmillan called their conference an Act of Faith, and he did not exaggerate, for Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Mr. L. S. Amery presided and put forth their courageous theory. It may seem a case of cart-before-horse to plan the details of reconstruction before the ruined building is released from requisition by the occupying power. But there are a number of even more important conferences trying to harness the horse, and it does not require a much greater effort of faith to begin tidying up the cart.

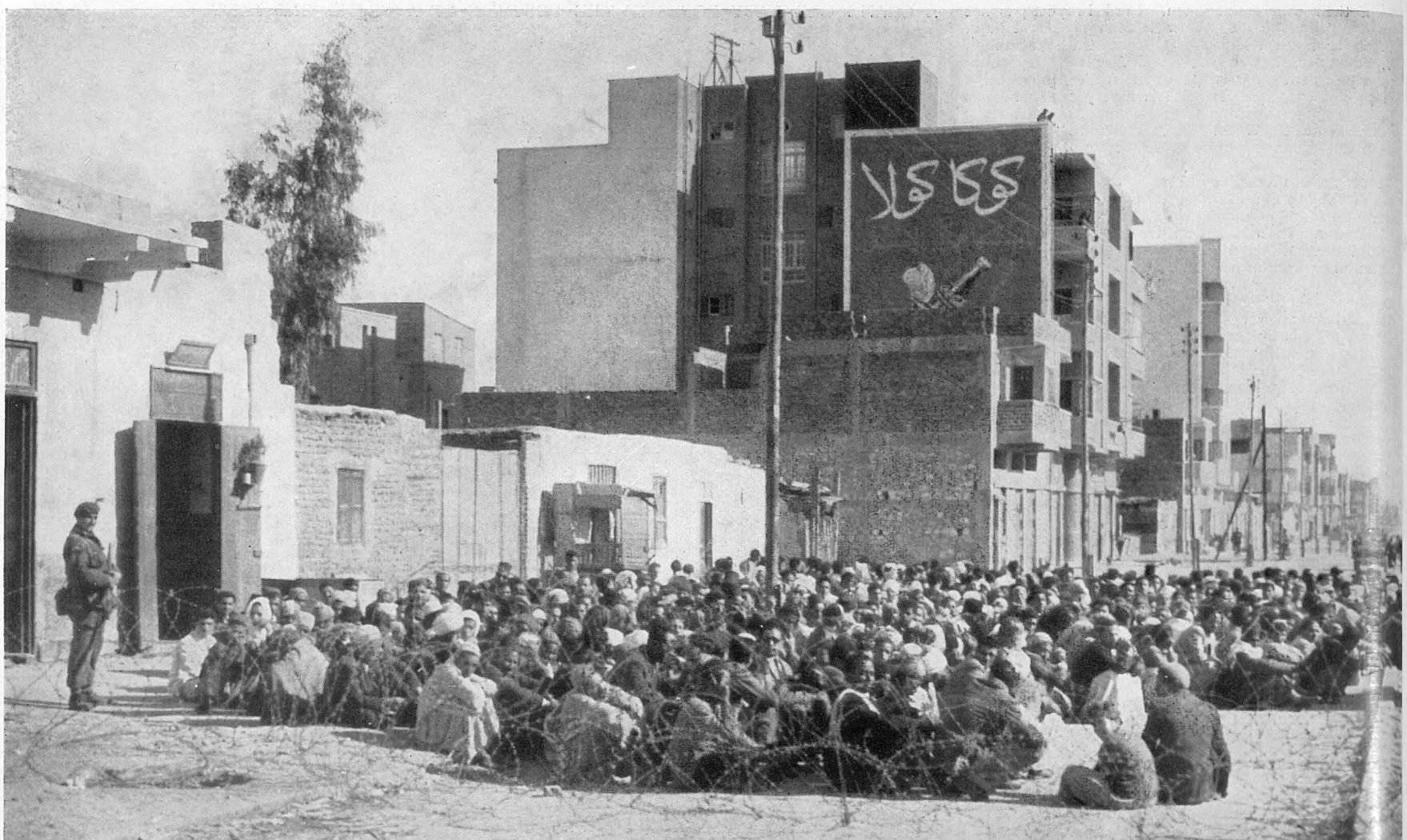
THE OLD STAGER

A GRAND OLD LADY POSES IN THE COSTUME OF A GRAND OLD LADY

THE COSTUME OF A VANISHED AGE RE-EMERGES FOR EXHIBITION : Alderman Miss E. M. Thornton, of Eastbourne, Sussex, wearing a dress which once belonged to Queen Victoria and in which, on March 4, Miss Thornton will open Eastbourne's two-day exhibition entitled " Antiques and Treasured Possessions." The dress was made for Queen Victoria towards the end of her reign and is now in the possession of a family at Willingdon, near Eastbourne.

THE COMET AIRLINER RECEIVES ITS CERTIFICATE OF AIRWORTHINESS

THE FIRST JET AIRLINER TO BE GIVEN THE OFFICIAL STAMP OF APPROVAL : The Minister of Civil Aviation, Mr. Maclay, is seen, centre, at last week's ceremony at Hatfield, at which he handed to Mr. R. E. Bishop (right), a director of the de Havilland Company and the designer of the Comet, the certificate of airworthiness for the jet airliner. On the extreme left is Mr. R. E. Hardingham, who, as Chief Executive of the Air Registration Board, carried the technical responsibility for the certification. The others present at the ceremony, reading second from left to right and behind the Minister, are Sir Arnold Overton, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, G.B.E., who is Chief Aeronautical Adviser to the Ministry, Mr. W. E. Nixon, Managing Director of the de Havilland Aircraft Company, Mr. F. E. N. St. Barbe, Deputy Managing Director, Mr. F. T. Hearle, Chairman, and Mr. A. F. Burke, Managing Director of the de Havilland Engine Company and a director of the Aircraft Company. This year the Comet comes into service on the skyways, the first of the scheduled routes being to Cairo via Rome. Later the flights to the East will be extended.



A SCENE IN ISMAILIA AS BRITISH TROOPS TIGHTENED THEIR CONTROL ON THIS TOWN IN THE SUEZ-CANAL ZONE, WHERE LAST WEEK THEY DISCOVERED A TERRORIST ARSENAL: A sentry of the British 16th Parachute Brigade is seen keeping guard over Egyptians who were herded behind barbed wire for screening while their houses were at the same time being searched for arms and ammunition. It was troops of the 16th Brigade who unearthed in the Muslim cemetery in Ismailia the biggest terrorist arms store that has yet been brought to light. At the same time the secretary of the local terrorist group and eleven of his colleagues were taken prisoner and four others are known to have been killed. Four days after this came the battle against the police, in which forty-one Egyptians and four men of the Lancashire Fusiliers lost their lives.

Before the Big Battle in

MILITARILY CONTROLLED ISMAILIA

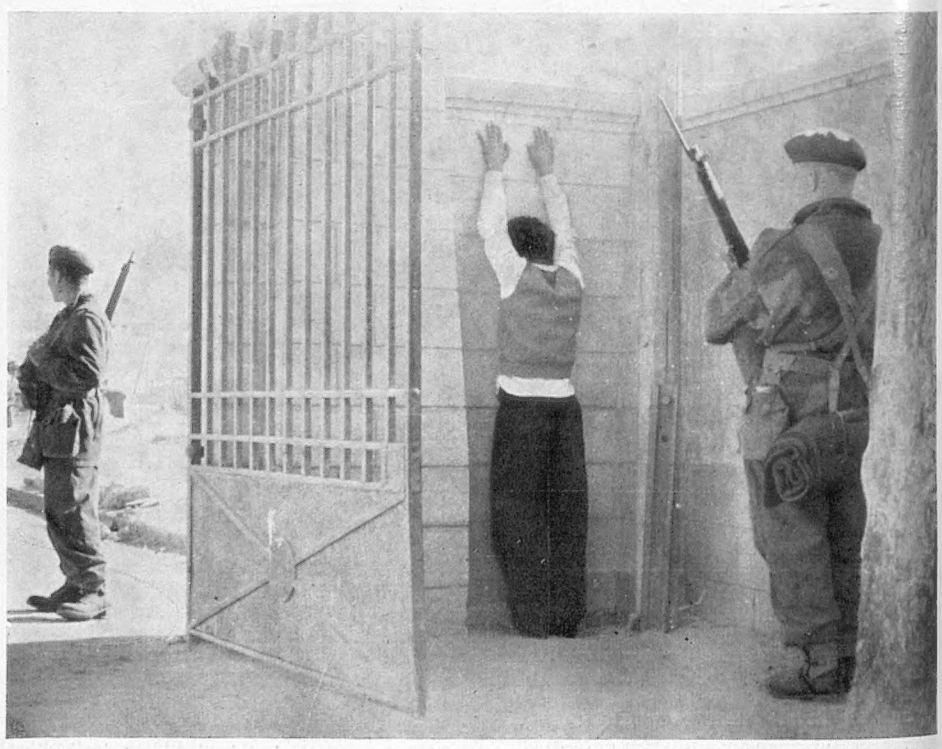
AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE CRITICAL SITUATION WHICH HAS DEVELOPED IN EGYPT

Last Saturday, after a day in which huge mobs of demonstrators surged through the centre of Cairo, sacking and burning practically every British, French or American business, King Farouk proclaimed martial law throughout Egypt and before the week-end was over the Government of Nahas Pasha was dismissed.

The events leading up to this dramatic week-end were no less serious and hardly less dramatic, starting on January 23 with an Egyptian Government warning to the British to cease their operations in Ismailia. General Erskine, the British C.-in-C., decided, however, to tighten his hold on the town, and his tanks and armoured cars swept in in force. In extending their control the British troops found one of the terrorists main arsenals. Hidden in a cemetery, it included 6,000 rounds of 40-mm. ammunition which has been used for making bombs.

Twelve terrorists were captured during the cemetery operation. These terrorists were identified as student commandos from Cairo, whose operations are in many ways akin to those of the Hagana during the height of the post-war conflict in Palestine.

FERVENT NATIONALISM AMONG THE YOUNG WOMEN OF CAIRO: These girls of the "Daughters of the Nile" organization were arrested by Egyptian police outside Barclays Bank, Cairo, and are seen being taken away in a police lorry. They attempted to stop customers entering the bank to transact business.



A BRITISH SENTRY STANDS GUARD OVER AN EGYPTIAN WHO IS MADE TO FACE THE WALL WITH HIS HANDS UP: The Egyptian was one of the twelve, including the secretary of the local terrorist group, who were arrested in the cemetery area when the men of the 16th Parachute Brigade entered that part of Ismailia in their search for arms.

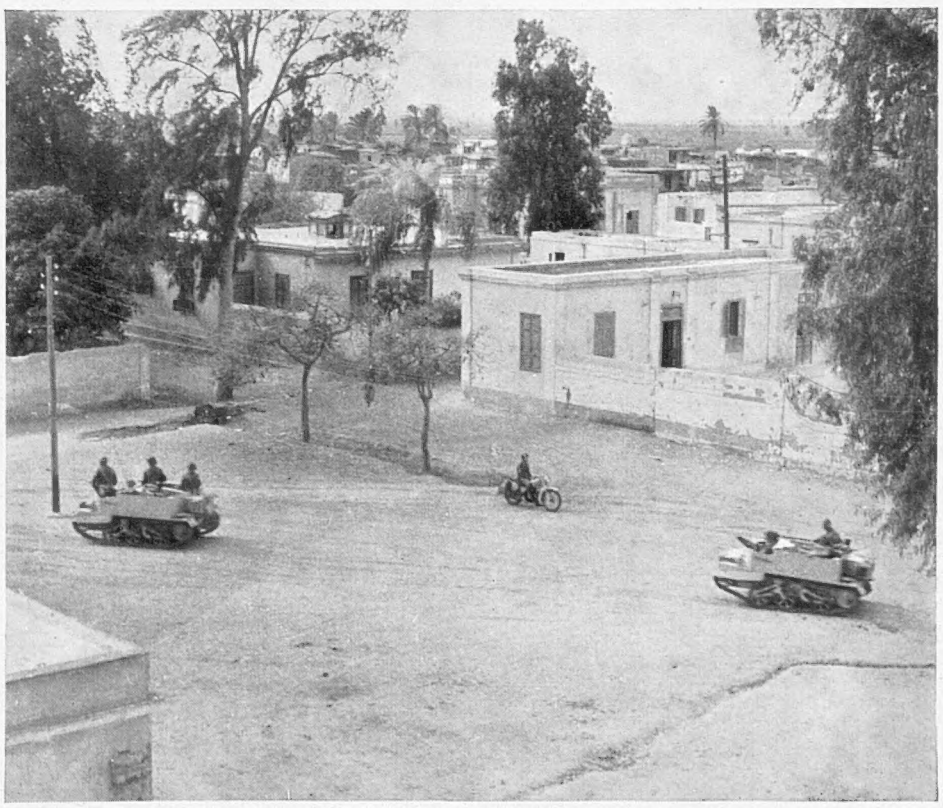
WHERE SISTER ANTHONY DIED : The Mother Superior of the Convent of St. Vincent de Paul at Ismailia standing with one of her nuns on the porch. It was at this spot that Sister Anthony (Anne Bridget Timbers) was shot through the heart by an Egyptian terrorist. It has been stated that she was shot down when protesting against terrorists using the convent grounds, and that the act was perpetrated in cold blood.

KING FAROUK'S SISTER VISITS THE WOUNDED : Princess Faiza (centre) talking to a wounded Egyptian in hospital at Zagazig near the Suez-Canal Zone. A Lady-in-Waiting is seen (left) pealing a bill from a wad of £5 notes in order to give it to the sick man. The Princess made a tour of the hospitals in the Sharkia area of North-East Egypt, distributing sweets and money to Egyptians who had been wounded in clashes with British forces.

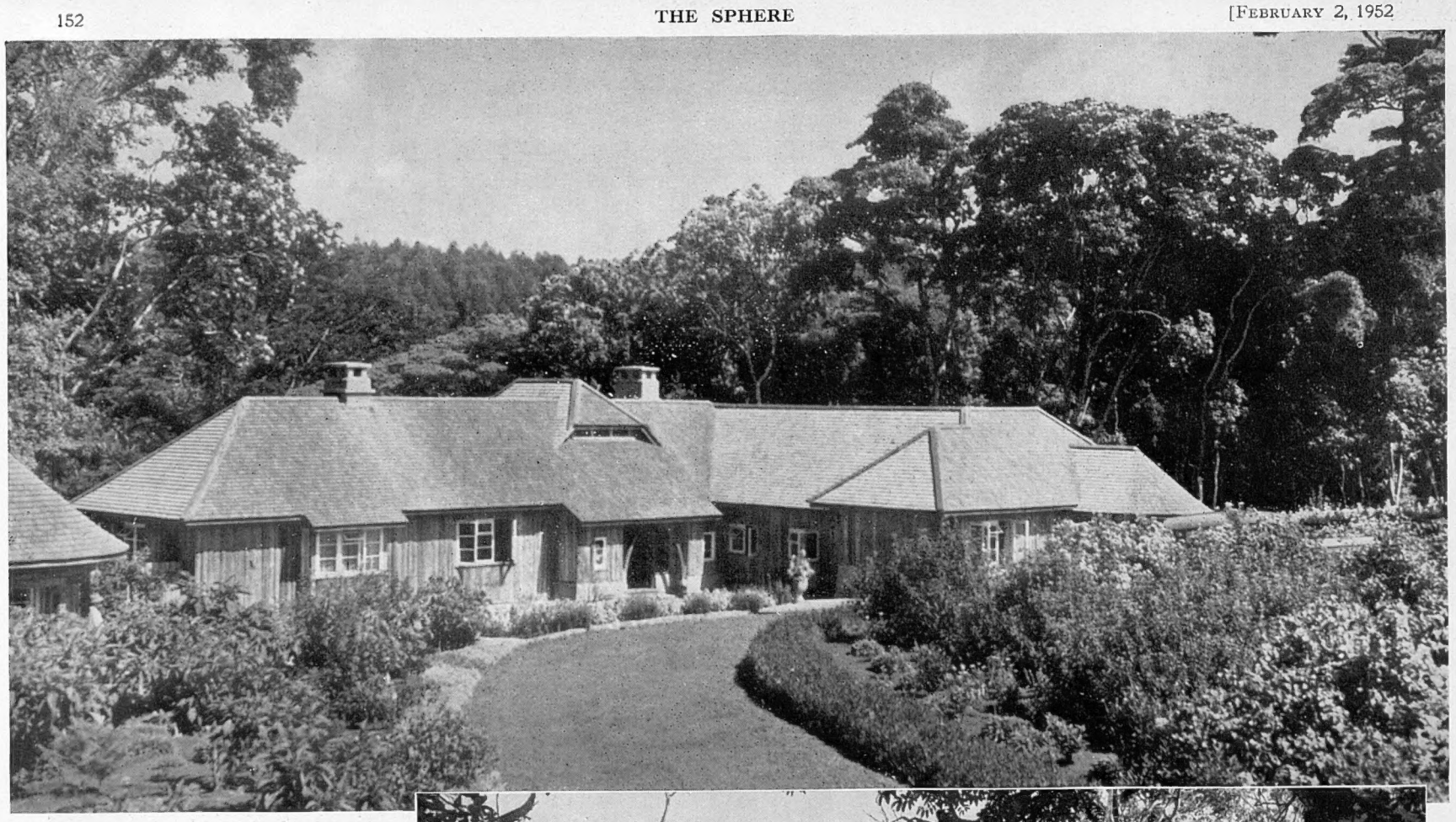
AN "AMMO" FATIGUE FOR THE CAPTURED GUERRILLA FIGHTERS : After the British troops found the big store of hidden ammunition in Ismailia they made their captives, terrorists whom they had hunted down among the tombs, carry the heavy boxes of high explosive to waiting lorries for carting away and disposal. The terrorists had apparently been established in Ismailia about a month. Several of them denied any link with the Egyptian police, but all admitted that the group was organised by the Egyptian Government.

THEY DASHED INTO ISMAILIA IN SEARCH OF THE KILLER OF SISTER ANTHONY : A British Centurion tank and an armoured car seen in Ismailia which has all the appearance of a town occupied in war. The Centurions were stationed at intervals along the principal streets, and Bren-gun carriers and armoured cars rattled among the shuttered houses. Auster observation aircraft flew overhead, while the British troops, the men of the 16th Parachute Brigade, combed the northern districts.

THERE WAS ENOUGH TO FILL SIX 3-TON LORRIES : Egyptians carrying ammunition found in the Muslim cemetery. The men detained, all of them suspects rounded up by British troops, were made to move at speed.



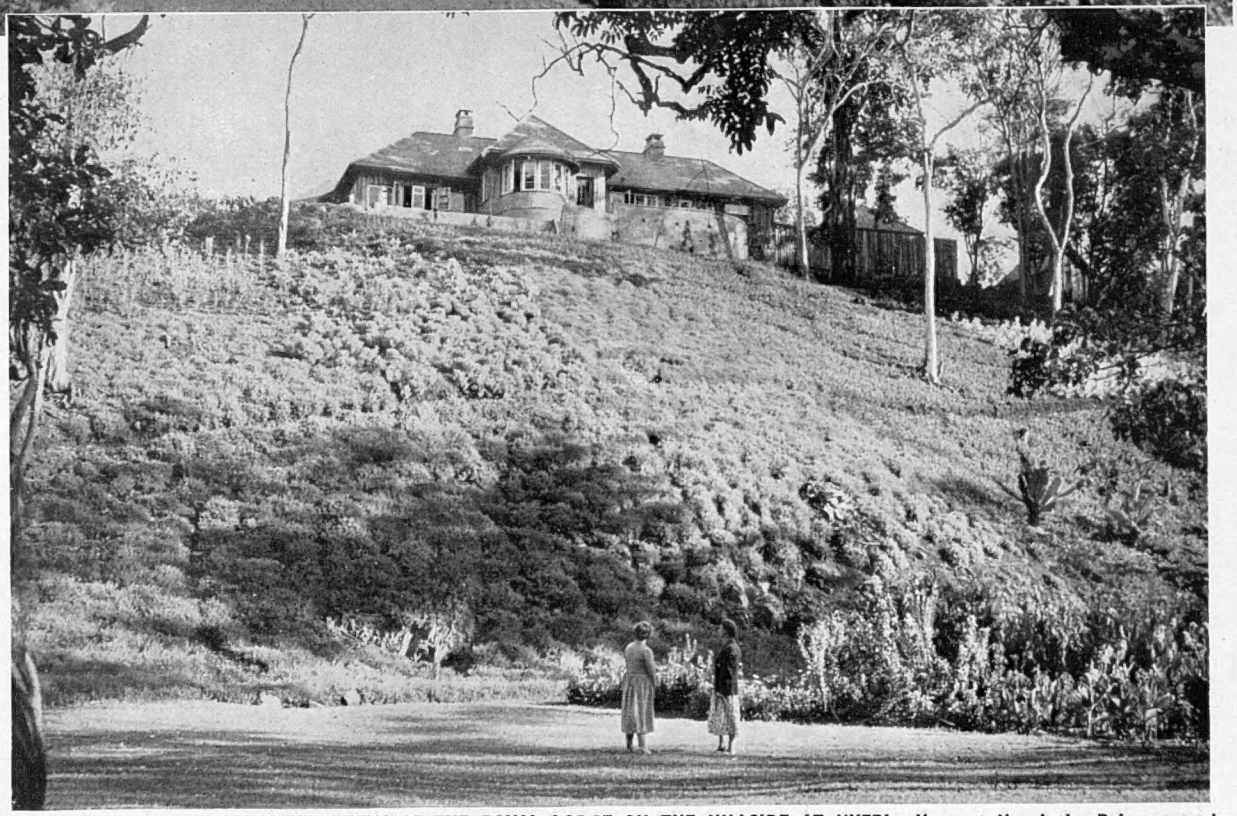
BREN-GUN CARRIERS TAKE UP COMMANDING POSITIONS IN ISMAILIA : Europeans in the town did not conceal their pleasure and relief at the resolute action of the British. On the other hand Egyptian hostility was exacerbated by the eviction of hundreds of families.



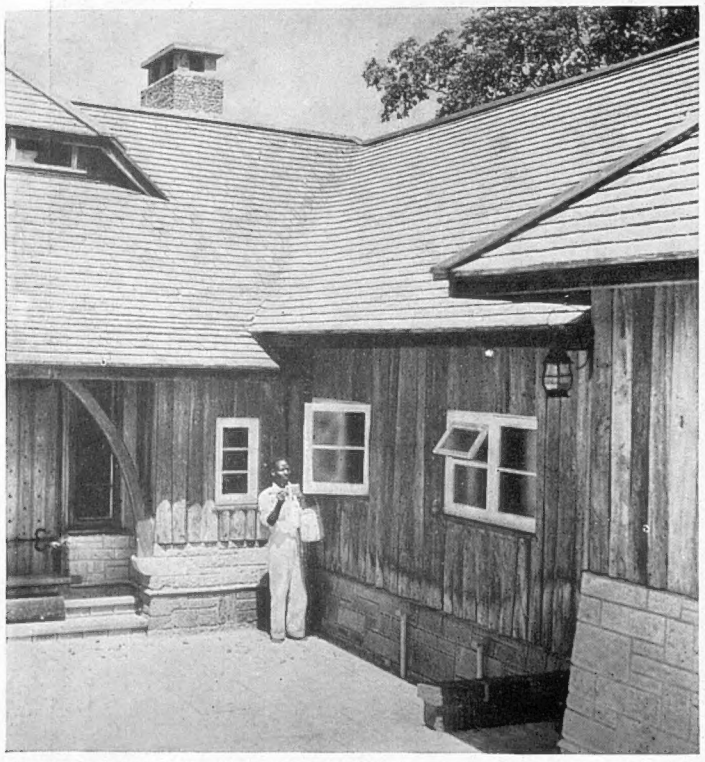
THIS WAS KENYA'S WEDDING PRESENT TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP: Sagana Lodge, near Nyeri, is four hours' drive from Nairobi on the lower slopes of snow-capped Mount Kenya and stands near the Kenyan wattle forests, which abound in rhinoceros and elephant. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip decided they would spend a few days at the Lodge as they set out for Australia on their tour. It was arranged that the Australia-bound liner, *Gothic*, should go ahead to Mombasa, where she would pick them up at the end of their Kenya visit, and that the Princess and the Duke should fly to Nairobi in a B.O.A.C. Argonaut, leaving London on January 31. It was stated this week in London that the visit to Nyeri would probably start to-morrow, February 3.

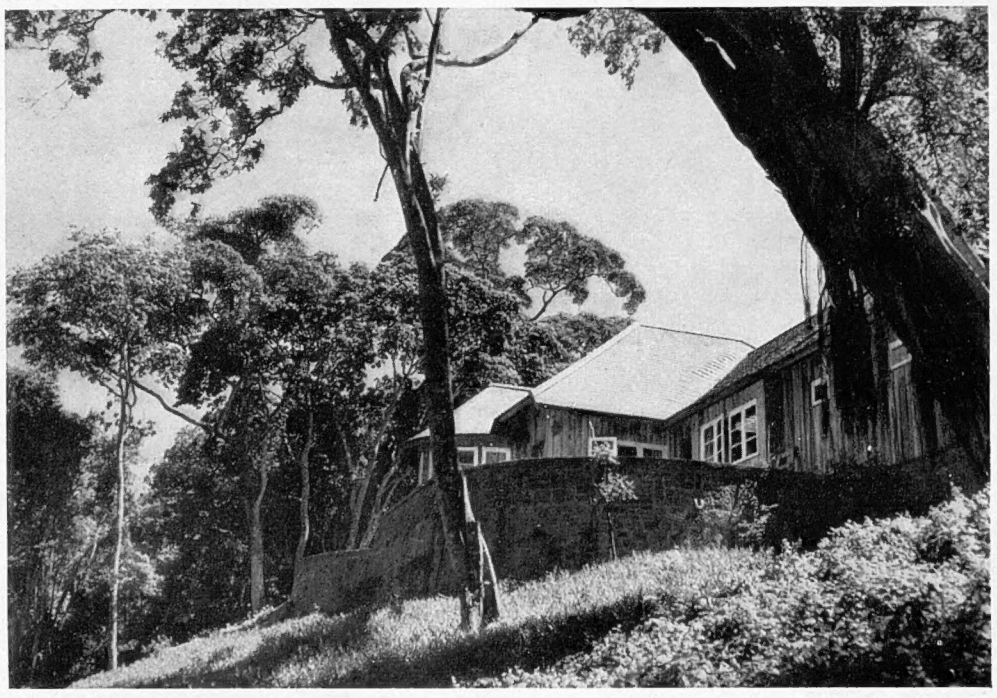
SAGANA LODGE, NYERI

THE WEDDING-GIFT HOME WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP ARRANGED TO STAY WHILE IN KENYA



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROYAL LODGE ON THE HILLSIDE AT NYERI: Here at Nyeri the Princess and the Duke planned four days of privacy after the receptions at Nairobi and before embarking at Mombasa in the S.S. *Gothic*, which has been specially fitted out for the Australian tour.





GETTING READY FOR THE ROYAL TOURISTS: *Left*—A painter putting the finishing touches to the exterior of the Royal Lodge at Nyeri. *Right*—A general view showing the leafy setting of the Lodge. To ensure complete privacy for the Princess and the Duke a strong guard of Askaris has been provided by the Kenya Police Force. Several of the men know the surrounding countryside well as they come from the near-by Nyeri Training School.

THE SHIP that TURNED OVER

The 480-ton Tanker "Piero Riego Gambini" Capsizes Soon After Her Launching from a Naples Shipyard

MISADVENTURE AT A LAUNCHING: A few seconds after leaving the launching ramp at Naples the 480-ton tanker *Piero Riego Gambini* begins to turn slowly over on her side. As the last blocks were taken from under her at the San Pellegrino shipbuilding yard the vessel heeled over slightly and went down the ramp with a list to starboard. The accident was witnessed by over 1,000 dock-workers and shipyard officials. The *Piero Riego Gambini* was built for the Adriatic Navigation Company.

THE "PIERO RIEGO GAMBINI" LIES ON HER SIDE AFTER A DISASTROUS LAUNCHING CEREMONY: On a gaily bedecked platform at the near end of the launching ramp an official was still holding the ceremonial bottle of champagne, which, by chance, did not break when it struck the vessel's bows. There were fifty people on board the ship when she capsized, including the wives and children of workmen. Many of them were thrown into the water and were picked up by small harbour craft.

THE KEEL OF THE TANKER "PIERO RIEGO GAMBINI" POINTS SKYWARDS: This close-up of the stricken new ship was taken soon after she had capsized following the disastrous launching at Naples. Even with the most careful calculations on the part of engineers, launchings do not always go smoothly. In this case low water is believed to have been one of the primary causes of the mishap.

SHIPYARD AUTHORITIES AND ENGINEERS INSPECT THE HULL OF THE "PIERO RIEGO GAMBINI" AFTER HER CAPSIZE: The surrounding waters were examined to determine whether the ship struck a submerged obstacle at the launching, a possible cause of the capsizing. But the *Gambini* went down the ramp with a slight list after the blocks were removed. There were no serious injuries resulting from the incident.

KEEL, SCREW AND RUDDER OF THE NEW TANKER SHOW ABOVE THE WATER: The small boats alongside brought firemen, port authorities and experts, who were attempting to discover the cause of the ship capsizing and to make a preliminary salvage survey. Many people on board were thrown into the icy water when the ship turned over.

A TRACTOR TRAIN, ITS CARGO RANGING FROM FRESH VEGETABLES TO DIAMOND DRILLS, SEEN EN ROUTE ACROSS THE WASTES OF NORTHERN CANADA: A light plane is seen engaged in spotting the route for the tractor train on the frozen surface of Great Slave Lake. The train is made up of a tractor pulling several sleds and a caboose for the crew to sleep and eat in when not driving the tractor. The tractors travel to the mining areas of the sub-Arctic when the rivers are frozen over, and many of the trains follow scheduled routes. Tractor trains are indeed big business. Sometimes the sleds go through the ice, and block and tackle are needed to retrieve them.

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey with Notes

BY JAMES MONTAGNES AND FERDINAND TUOHY

By Tractor Train to the Far North.—Canadian mines, located beyond the end of the railway and highway in the sub-Arctic regions of Canada, have solved the problem of winter transportation of food and heavy mining equipment. When water-borne transportation ends, modern Diesel-engined tractors take over.

Tractor freighting has become big business in Northern Canada. Tractors operate from December to May, quite frequently on schedule, like railways or motor freight lines. On the heaviest travelled tractor routes telephone lines are strung along the road to aid scheduled dispatching and bring aid to bogged-down tractors. Some operators are now using mobile two-way radio equipment to keep in touch with tractors on the route.

Tractor freighting is one of Canada's most dangerous occupations. It 's always cold on the route of the modern bush freighter. There is always the chance of going through the ice with the 50-ton loads pulled by the tractors. Just in case the unexpected happens, the crew of a tractor train always carries block and tackle and heavy hooks to pull tractor and sleds from the icy waters of northern lakes.

Tractor trains consist of Diesel-engined tractors pulling up to three long sleds and a caboose, also on sled runners. The caboose is heated and serves as living quarters for the tractor crew, where they eat and sleep when off duty. Tractors operate day and night, and routes can take from a day to several weeks. On the long runs there are often three shifts of crews, to allow twenty-four-hour operation of the train.

The end of the railway is usually the starting-point of tractor runs in Northern Canada. Flag stations on the transcontinental railway are also used as starting-points to mines north of the railroad. The tractor roads are rough-hewn from virgin forest by provincial governments or mining companies. The roads lead in as straight a line as possible from the railways to the mining community which is its destination. They lead over frozen lakes, over land where a portage is necessary in summer. The tractor roads are kept clear for the heavy freight-carrying trains by snow-ploughs on the advance tractor of a long cavalcade. In hilly country tractors are sometimes equipped with trailer cable to help them up hills and stop them from going down too fast the icy slopes with heavy sleds pushing behind.

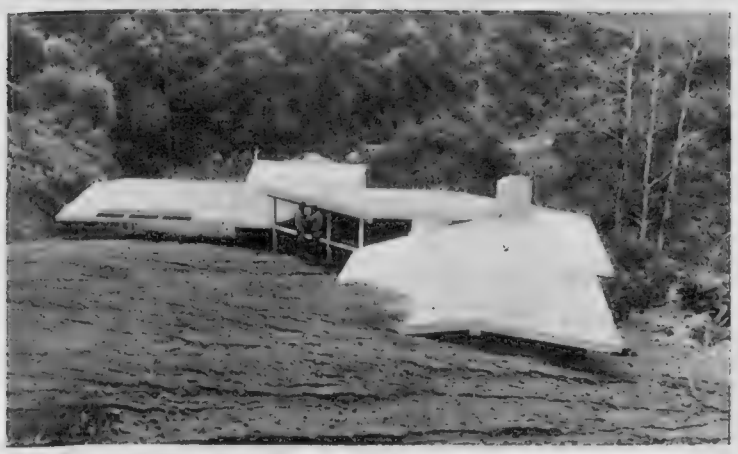
Passengers are seldom carried on tractor train trips, and then only on short runs. Trappers and their families are sometimes taken to new trapping grounds on the tractor train.

The tractors have revolutionised bush freighting. Where formerly horses were used, tractors to-day pull tens of thousands of tons of freight each winter. The goods they carry range all the way from fresh vegetables to diamond drills, from coal to dynamite, from the latest newspapers and magazines to new mining machinery.

THE MINING SETTLEMENT AT YELLOWKNIFE ON THE NORTHERN SHORES OF THE GREAT SLAVE LAKE: When other means of transport are closed down Yellowknife receives its supplies direct from the south by means of the tractor trains. In more open weather aircraft play their part.

NEW YORK PORT AUTHORITY'S FABULOUS BUS TERMINAL COMPLETES ITS FIRST YEAR: This is the high-speed escalator at the terminal, bringing passengers to other levels from the bus stopping points. *On left*—An overhead view of the car park on the roof of the terminal. During peak periods over 700 buses an hour pass through the terminal and on an average day about 60,000 suburban travellers.

The world's biggest bus terminal, the pride of New York Port Authority, has just completed a year of existence, serving the masses of "commuters," the season-ticket holders who come into Manhattan daily by bus. Travellers have all the amenities, and more, of a great railway terminal in this 24,000,000-dollar building, which has no fewer than thirty-one escalators and special lifts for the benefit of the infirm and aged. The bus terminal is within easy reach of the shore-line-raised highway, which gives traffic access to the bridges and tunnels linking with the New Jersey shore.



A NEW HOME INVADED BY A SEA OF MUD : Torrential rain at Glendale, California, sent the mud slithering down the hill to engulf this 19,000-dollar house, newly-built and newly-furnished by Mrs. Mildred A. Lovejoy. The mud battered down doors and windows.

In Sunless California.—Two terrific rainstorms in three days wrought damage estimated at millions of dollars in the greater Los Angeles area. "L.A.," now the fourth city of the United States, though thirty years ago it had only 600,000 inhabitants, has not had such a soaking for thirteen years . . . and ran out of umbrellas, which are not in common usage among native Angelinos.

The storm period added 7·37 ins. to Los Angeles' rain total, and took a toll of twenty-one lives. It was the heaviest deluge in Southern California since the March 1938 flood brought a rainfall of 11·06 ins. and caused ninety-five deaths in five days.

No sun was visible for a week, and the first storm left the ground so soaked that the second storm turned large sections into lakes, with homes and other buildings jutting out. People were drowned in the rear seats of motor-cars in the San Fernando Valley. Most of the roads into this valley were closed by mud slides.

Dozens of hillside homes on the peaks surrounding the movie colony were reported loosened from their foundations.

PREPARING A BLUEPRINT FOR THE FUTURE OF 100,000,000 PEOPLE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN : *Left*—Mr. Mikolajczyh, former Prime Minister of Poland, seen on the first day of the European Movement Conference at Church House, Westminster. *Right*—Professor S. Osusky, a former Czech Minister.

CARS ARE CAUGHT UP IN THE FLOODS IN EAST LOS ANGELES : Hosts of cars had to be temporarily abandoned by their owners, and more than 2,000 people from this part of Los Angeles were evacuated to higher ground in life-rafts which were manned by California's Coast Guardsmen.

A MEMBER OF THE EXILED BULGARIAN PEASANT PARTY AT WESTMINSTER : Dr. Dimitrov seen at the conference.

A Conclave of Europeans.—A fresh current of air was wafted into the cold war when former Ministers, diplomats and other eminent men of affairs from behind the Iron Curtain met in London under the auspices of the Central and Eastern European Commission of the European Movement to formulate plans to meet the eventuality of Russian domination one day ending over a large part of the Continent.

No one put it as directly as that. The agenda mentioned "politics, economics, culture and the activity of youth" as the fields in which to operate. The chairman, Mr. Behrens, said the Commission did not exist to stimulate rebellion, much less a war of liberation. Mr. Macmillan said the delegates were present "to demonstrate that Europe is a single unit."

Some may have thought this last an arduous task for only four days. The principal difficulty being to determine exactly what is meant by "Europe." Sixty years ago, a German scholar fixed the boundaries of Europe, and there they remain in the *Encyclopædia*: from Tarifa Point to beyond Ekaterinburg, and from Constantinople to North Cape. But this expert gave the Russian boundary as fluid. It could be stretched to the Caspian, in the south, and still be Europe.

What we do know to-day, is that within such compass are six different forms of Europe: European Union led by France, Germany and Italy; the British-Scandinavian-Irish retention of sovereignty; "Neutral" Europe (Sweden, Switzerland, etc.), the satellite States of Central and Eastern Europe; and Russia-in-Europe. So it was as well that the London delegates did not take Mr. Macmillan too literally. What then did they do? They laid the first stones to meet two distinct eventualities.

Firstly, the possibility that Russia may precipitate a major war and be defeated. These Europeans in exile would have to be ready to apply an immediate constructive policy. They would be to a large extent forgotten in their own countries. They would have to be prepared to take on as permanent many of the effects of the internal revolutions wrought in the last six years. But a great Western liberalising would top their programmes, as they approached that infinitely tricky article of furniture, the *tabula rasa*.

Secondly, these men of the past and—who knows—of the future, to whom London bade *au revoir* at the Albert Hall, occupied themselves with how to go about things should Russian power recede gradually in the years ahead.

The very existence of the Commission is hardly conducive to what should be its highest hope—better Western relations with the Soviet Union—since the latter sees in the exiles' work an attempt to undermine the satellite Governments, by telling their peoples that they are not forgotten.

***On left*—**

WHAT AN AVERAGE SWEDISH FAMILY EATS IN THE COURSE OF ONE YEAR : Father, mother and their two children surrounded by the articles they jointly consume. The family represents the Swedish average, both with respect to the father's salary and the number and age of its members.

The Well-Provided Swedes.—Supposing a British family of four were to get itself photographed against a replica of all the food and drink it had consumed in one year? A £600-a-year family with two children aged eleven and seven, and a mother whose work was confined to that of housewife? How might the 365-day mobilisation compare with the annual intake in that socially advanced land—Sweden?

Prepare for figures mercilessly translated into pints and pounds.

Liquids: Approximately 950 pints of milk, 30 pints of cream, 75 pints of thin beer, 44 bottles of lemonade, 85 bottles of fat-beer, 6 bottles of home-made lemonade, 25 lb. of coffee, 6 lb. of cocoa, 1 lb. of tea.

Solids: 180 lb. of meat, 170 lb. of sausages (hot and cold), 45 lb. of meat for sandwiches, 130 lb. of fish, 20 boxes of tinned fish, 80 lb. of eggs, 310 lb. of flour, 65 lb. of crisp bread, 180 lb. of dark bread, 70 lb. of white bread, 65 lb. of sweet rolls, 45 lb. of biscuits, 100 lb. of butter, 80 lb. of margarine, 50 lb. of cheese, 10 lb. of macaroni, 220 lb. of sugar, 15 lb. of salt, 60 lb. of peas, 18 lb. of onions, 110 lb. of other vegetables, 650 lb. of potatoes.

By way of sweets—34 pots of jam, 12 lb. of sweets and chocolate, 54 boxes of small sweets, 88 lb. of apples, 65 lb. of oranges, 5 lb. of almonds, 14 lb. of bananas, 35 lb. of tomatoes, and 46 portions of "cowberry jam."

THE HELICOPTER OF THE NEXT FIVE YEARS—IN THIS SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING HAROLD CONNOLLY, WORKING LARGELY WITHIN THE TERMS OF THE SPECIFICATION FOR A GIANT HELICOPTER, RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS, SHOWS WHAT MAY WELL BE THE ASPECT OF ONE OF THE GREAT 45-SEATER HELICOPTERS WHICH WILL ONE DAY BE USED ON INTER-CITY SERVICES IN BRITAIN: B.E.A. has drawn up this specification for circulation to the British aircraft industry through the Ministry of Supply. It outlines a requirement for a multi-engined machine capable of flying direct between cities from 50 to 250 miles apart at a cruising speed of not less than 150 m.p.h., with up to forty-five passengers. These requirements are based on experience gained in the past four years by the B.E.A.'s experimental helicopter unit.

— AND NOW

A "BRABAZON" HELICOPTER

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS OUTLINE THE SPECIFICATIONS OF A NEW GIANT

Drawings by Harold Connolly

In the United States it is being said that in the Korean War the helicopter has come of age. It is, in the military sense, now a practical proposition, vitally necessary in the protection of lives and the maintenance of communications, providing a method of front-line reinforcement in inaccessible places that has no counterpart in the history of war. Already every division in Korea has helicopters, and the call is for more and yet more of these remarkable hover machines. As flying ambulances in Korea, helicopters have evacuated 10,000 casualties, many of whom could not have survived stretcher-bearing or road transport over the impossible Korean terrain. Helicopters have picked up the badly wounded from the field of battle, whisking them back to the Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals, and they have landed behind the Communist lines to pick up "ditched" fliers. In every sense of the term they have come of age (for was it not in the '20's that the Frenchman Oehmichen made his first hovering flight of five minutes), and to the American mind, at any rate, there is no limit to their potentialities. Wherever there is enough clearance for their rotors, there the helicopters land and there they take off. They are the maids-of-all-work of the air.

And what of the helicopter on this side of the Atlantic? Here, too, the helicopter has come of age, most notably in the commercial sense. British European Airways have already accepted the idea that the helicopter provides the answer to inter-city communication in Britain, and the moment twin-engined types are delivered helicopter services will be run direct between city centres. The Bristol 173, which has just made its maiden flight, will probably be the first British helicopter to fly between city centres, instead of between airports as at present. It is a fourteen-passenger machine and the intention is to use it for experimental purposes in 1953 and to open scheduled routes with it in 1955. B.E.A. is at present using an earlier Bristol helicopter, the 171, for crew training at its helicopter maintenance base at Peterborough. Later this year the four-passenger 171 will probably be used for experimental services.

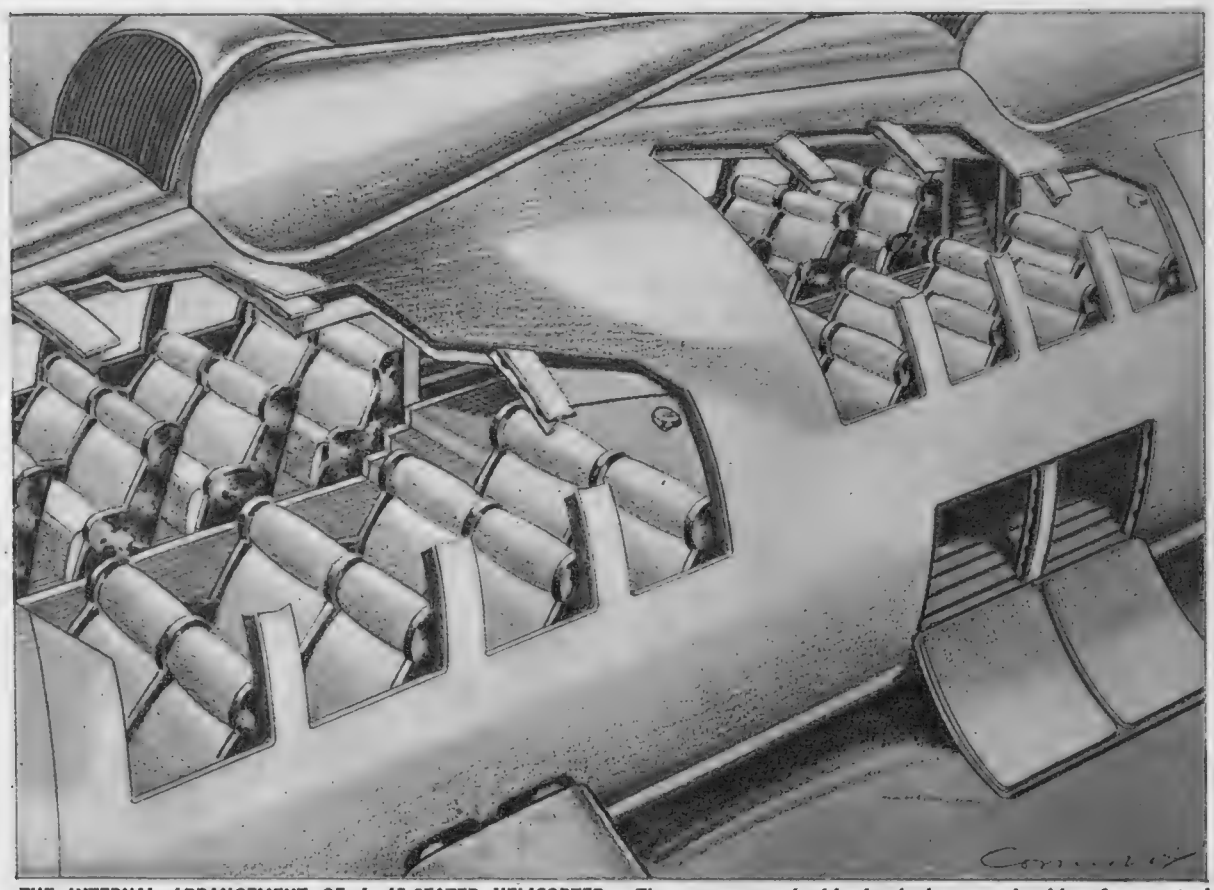
These two models, the 171 and the 173, could neither be commercially profitable on inter-city routes, however, and they are really paving the way for the four-engined 45- or 50-seater, the "Brabazon" among helicopters. Such a machine, operating on stages up to 230 miles, could make the helicopter competitive with fixed-wing aircraft on short routes.

With a view to obtaining such a machine, B.E.A. has issued a specification of requirements, in the hope that it will attract the interest of a number of helicopter manufacturers, and that, after design studies have been prepared, arrangements can be made to order prototypes of different designs. Here is an extract from the specification showing the broad operational requirements of the new 45-seater. "The operational aim is to provide a new means of transport giving a direct air service between city centres or other desired points without the need for the large spaces required by fixed-wing aircraft for take-off and landing. Stage distances and stage times will be short, particularly on internal services, and high regularity and punctuality are essential. The initial standards for these services will be a regularity of at least 95 per cent. over the year, and such mechanical reliability that delays to departure due to engineering defects occur on less than 2 per cent. of scheduled flights. These standards demand a high degree of reliability from the aircraft and the ability to fly in all but the very worst weather."

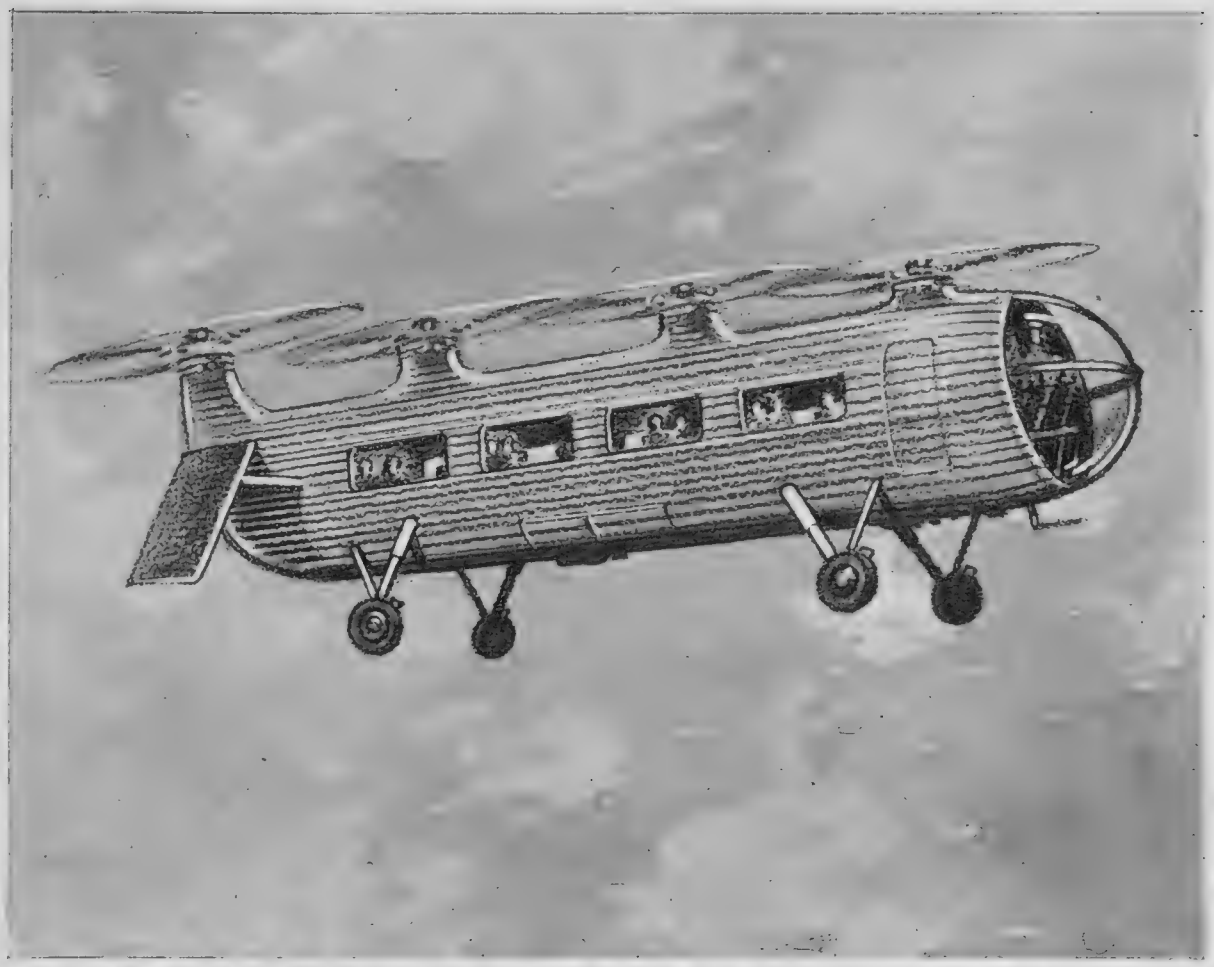
That such an aircraft will be forthcoming there seems to be little doubt, and in his drawings on these pages Harold Connolly has visualised this new giant, "Brabazon" among hover planes.

This big British machine will have to give a very much better performance than some of the small models now in use in the American forces. The demand in the specification for punctuality and reliability is no mere form of words, but an outcome of the knowledge that the helicopter, owing to the vibration set up by its rotary blades, demands a high standard of maintenance. Speed and range, of course, will have to be improved and, over and above all, safety has to be considered more than in any other kind of aircraft. In fact, B.E.A. insist that for passenger services a multi-engined design with adequate performance with one engine inoperative is essential, as also is proper de-icing or anti-icing equipment.

However, it is probably safe to say that all these problems will be overcome in the near future, and, with B.E.A.'s enterprising lead, Europe will in measurable time have a network of helicopters acting as feeder services on the medium and long-distance aircraft routes that go to the ends of the earth.



THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENT OF A 45-SEATER HELICOPTER: The seats are double banked on each side of a central aisle, as in most buses. There would be light-luggage racks. Headroom in the gangway would be 6 ft.



AN ALTERNATIVE PLAN FOR A 45-SEATER HELICOPTER: Here the artist shows a giant helicopter of rather different appearance to that depicted on left, the fuselage being longer and narrower and the four engines being in line. These engines would be four separate Alvis types of about 250 h.p. each. The helicopter would still be able to keep in the air if one engine was out of commission. If the cruising speed was between 180 and 200 m.p.h., a journey from the centre of London right to the centre of Birmingham would occupy about thirty-five minutes in all.

On left—

THE FIRST BRITISH TWIN-ENGINED HELICOPTER, THE BRISTOL 173, RISING ABOVE THE AERODROME AT FILTON, NEAR BRISTOL, ON ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT LAST MONTH: The Bristol 173, which is intended to carry between twelve and fourteen passengers, is powered by two Alvis Leonides 550-h.p. piston engines and has two rotors, one at each end of the long fuselage. British European Airways intend to use this helicopter for passenger services between centrally-situated city airports. This will do duty until 1957, when they expect to have their even larger helicopter running on their scheduled inter-city flights.

Below—

AN INTER-CITY HELICOPTER AT ONE OF ITS TERMINAL AIRPORTS ON THE ROOF OF A CITY BUILDING: Here the artist shows the great aircraft at rest, with passengers preparing to embark on a hop of 100 miles or more. No accommodation would be needed for catering on these inter-city services, as most journeys would be of under two hours' duration. Light luggage would be carried, probably in racks, as in buses, and some registered baggage.

THE ENEMY OF MAN— THE RABBIT

Despite the Machinations of Beatrix Potter and Peter Rabbit in Upholding His Status

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RECENTLY in the House of Lords the Second Reading of the Spring Traps Bill, a Private Member's Measure moved by Lord Elton, was defeated (on the advice of the Government) by 49 votes to 22. In 1935 a similar Bill, moved by Viscount Tredegar, was defeated by 46 votes to 42. The figures would appear to indicate that the opponents of the gin trap (for both Bills were designed to prohibit the manufacture, sale and use of gin traps) have lost ground in the intervening years. This is not so. There is now widespread agreement among intelligent people—due largely to the educative work of Major C. W. Hume and U.F.A.W.—that the gin trap is a foul instrument and must go. The only question is when. That, too, was the question in 1935. And we still have the trap and the rabbit.

The rabbit is the enemy of man. In this country, and particularly at this time, the rabbit is Public Enemy No. 1. It is very difficult for many people to understand that. We have been brought up to regard the rabbit with some affection, and for this Beatrix Potter and Peter Rabbit and the Flopsy Bunny family must bear a large share of the blame. Little or nothing is done to counteract this sentimental affection. There is little or no propaganda against the rabbit. As a result, few people know anything about rabbits and fewer still anything about the damage that they do.

The bare facts about this rather pretty little rodent with the charming white tail are frightening enough. The female begins to breed at six months old, and will have from four to eight litters each year with from three to nine young in each litter. The usual breeding season, according to the natural history books, is from early February to late October. In fact, young are born in every month of the year, and there is no particular breeding season. The only difference seems to be that winter litters are smaller than summer ones. It is this fact, perhaps, that has given rise to the firmly held opinion among some countrymen that rabbits do not multiply in wet seasons. This is a belief without foundation. The rabbit is not indigenous to our fauna, and most of our seasons are wet. But the rabbit multiplies. More than a wet season is needed for their control. Females outnumber males, and the rabbit is promiscuous and gregarious. It is not difficult to understand what can happen if control is not rigorous.

Rabbits live in large burrows, and sometimes several burrows may be connected to form one warren. Rabbit burrows seem to be designed very much to a plan (with slight regional differences imposed by the character of the soil), for there is almost always a main entrance from which the passage dips some 4 to 10 ft. before rising to a central chamber. From this chamber a number of runways radiate to the surface. The entrances to these runways are just small holes, and are nothing like the main entrance-hole to the burrow.

Most of the day is spent underground or in thick cover—bracken or gorse or roots, something of that nature—and there is very little, if any, activity. In very fine hot weather, in the South of England, rabbits will sometimes spend the day in meadows, lying up in forms, but within easy reach of their burrows. Activity begins at dusk. Feeding continues until it is dark, and begins again at first light. On clear moonlit nights they may be active from dusk to dawn, but the rabbit is not truly a nocturnal animal. It is crepuscular in habit.

When they come out from their burrows, they do so very cautiously. The bucks almost always come out first and along well-trodden paths. Usually they will pause for a while in the lip of the entrance-hole or bolt-hole, making sure that the coast is clear before venturing further. Satisfied, they will cover the next few yards quickly and then sit and listen again. When they move once more it means that the coast is clear, and then the rest will rush out all together to play and feed.

It is often said that you cannot tell the sexes apart in the field—the natural history books say "sexes alike"—but, as a matter of fact, after a little time you do acquire an eye for a buck. The head is quite definitely rounder. There are, moreover, differences in habit. Bucks have a way of carrying their tails higher than do the does, and bucks have a habit of constantly scratching the ground. And, in the summer months, the does begin to feed as soon as they leave the burrows and while it is yet light, whereas the bucks will not commence feeding until the light fades.

THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF THE RABBIT: The field of wheat seen in the foreground was almost entirely eaten away by rabbits, occupants of the warren seen in the middle distance. Wherever a rabbit feeds it does damage, and wherever rabbits abound, says Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, weeds replace grasses and grain in a very short space of time.

Wherever a rabbit feeds it does damage. Wherever rabbits abound weeds replace grasses and grain. I remember an experiment carried out in Wiltshire by Dr. J. O. Thomas. Four rabbits were given the run of an eighth of an acre of pasture. In fifteen months those four rabbits and their numerous progeny had increased the moss from 2 per cent. to 49 per cent., and the weeds from 5 per cent. to 27 per cent. In the same period the clover, which had formed 51 per cent. of the original sward, had dwindled to 4 per cent. It was an object lesson in the power of the rabbit. But it is a lesson that has not been learned. Indeed, it has been estimated that the yearly loss to the nation from rabbit-damage is in excess of £70,000,000. When you add to that figure the millions being paid annually in subsidies to keep our agriculture going—well, there is, at least, food for thought.

Of course, rabbit-damage is nothing new. Damage was so serious in the latter half of the last century that the Ground Game Act was passed in 1880. By that Act farmers were given the inalienable right to kill rabbits on their land. It was thought that this would soon lead to a sharp fall in the numbers of wild rabbits. But the Act had exactly the opposite effect. The farmer began to look upon the rabbit as a valuable property, a valuable source of income. He began to let trapping rights to professional trappers. In many cases the farmer and the trapper worked on a 50-50 basis. Most of our present troubles can be traced directly to the Ground Game Act 1880.

No trapper is going to trap himself out of a job. The professional trapper takes good care to build up a good stock of rabbits on the ground over which he has acquired the trapping rights, and to maintain them there. This was realised as long ago as 1918. In that year the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries issued *Miscellaneous Publication No. 22*, in which this statement was made: "Contradictory as the idea may appear, traps must be considered not only the best means of catching rabbits, *but also the best means of maintaining a plentiful stock on the ground.*" Actually, a good trapper (that is a man with a sound working knowledge of the habits of rabbits, for far less skill is needed in the setting of a trap than in the setting of a snare) will steadily increase his stock at the same time as he increases his take. This has been happening for many years. It was strange to find the Government spokesman in the recent debate maintaining that the gin trap did help to reduce the numbers of wild rabbits. They knew better in 1918. They ought to know even better now, for there are a lot more rabbits, despite some 3,000,000 gin traps working every day.

But the debate, as all these debates do, degenerated into a quite irrelevant discussion about substitutes for the gin trap. Everybody is agreed that the gin trap is dreadfully cruel and should be banned. Everybody knows that the law about trapping in the open is broken every day and cannot be enforced. Everybody knows that there is a humane trap in the process of being perfected. But the point, surely, is not that the gin trap should be abolished because it is cruel, but because it is both cruel and ineffective.

The problem is a rabbit and trapper problem, and not simply a cruel trap problem. That a humane trap should be perfected is excellent, and there will always be room for a humane trap, but that will not affect this particular problem. The professional trapper will do just as well with a humane trap as he does with the present gin trap—that is to say, he will maintain and increase his stock by trapping a high proportion of bucks in the open and also by trapping a large number of predators who would otherwise kill rabbits.

To say, as was said many times in the House of Lords, that there are no substitutes is quite wrong. Long netting and ferreting are, when carried out systematically, most effective. In more than one instance land has been completely cleared by these means. Has land ever been cleared by the professional trapper? Indeed, is there any evidence that anywhere in the world trapping has led to a decrease in the numbers of rabbits? In Australia the trap is discounted as an effective means of keeping down rabbits. And the Australians should surely know. Ferreting definitely reduces the numbers. There is no question of more bucks being killed than does, for almost invariably the does bolt first, the bucks remaining underground as long as possible and even being killed underground sometimes. Under other circumstances the bucks come to the surface first, and so are trapped more often, and their screams help to keep the does away or underground. Gas, too, is effective. The use of gas has increased a great deal of recent years, but there are plenty of places where it cannot be used with the maximum effect, and in such places the use of the long net or ferrets might well be encouraged.

But the real trouble, of course, is that rabbit-trapping is now a big and well-established industry. That, and the fact that many people (still a little Flopsy-Bunny-minded) would not like to see the rabbit exterminated. (It would be quite possible to exterminate the rabbit in lowland agricultural country if the job was undertaken methodically on a regional basis.) The farmer—the intelligent ones anyway—knows quite well that the rabbit is a pest (and a few even have some glimmerings of the truth that the trapper is living on their charity and that the trapping industry is parasitic on agriculture), but he still likes his bit of shooting after the day's work is done. There are a few housewives, I suppose, who still believe that the rabbit is good cheap food, and would not like to see it exterminated for that reason. In fact, not only is the rabbit not very nutritious, but it is expensive, for only 41 per cent. of the liveweight is eatable. (In any case, Australia will always be wanting to export frozen rabbits.) The only really valuable use of the rabbit is in the hat trade—four rabbits make one felt hat.

We cannot afford the damage that is being done to our agriculture and our forestry by the wild rabbit. What is really wanted is not any further attempt to ban the use of the gin trap as such, but a determined effort to stop rabbit farming on agricultural land. That, in fact, is all that rabbit-trapping is. It would mean, of course, that a number of lazy farmers would have to start to farm or make way for more energetic members of their profession. But it would also mean the end of the gin trap, and that would be a gain to our civilisation.

A MAKESHIFT DEVICE, BUT EFFECTIVE IN ACTION: Fruit trees protected from the ravages of rabbits. It is said that the yearly loss to the nation from rabbit damage is in excess of £70,000,000.

THE PRODUCTS OF A DAY'S RABBITING IN ESSEX: Altogether they brought in forty brace. Long netting and ferreting are, in the long-term view, the best methods of keeping down rabbits, but organised shoots certainly play their part.

ONE OF THE WILDEST SPOTS IN BRITAIN—WINTER IN THE CAIRNGORMS, WHICH STRETCH FROM DEE TO SPEY IN A 4,000-FT. SWEEP DEVOID OF HUMAN HABITATION : This view taken a few days ago shows the Peak of Beinn Bhrotain and the Lairig Ghru Pass cutting across the centre of the picture. Part of the Grampians, the Cairngorms, crowd in a thick mass round the meeting-point of the counties of Inverness, Aberdeen and Banff. The Cairngorms cover no less than 150 square miles above the 2,000-ft. line. Being the highest compact mountain area in Britain, the Cairngorms often offer good ski-ing in January and February. In the highest points, however, the wind can be vicious. With the approach of spring the snowfall of the Cairngorms turns into *firn* or spring snow.

WINTER DAYS in BRITAIN'S HIGH PLACES

The Bleak Splendour of the Cairngorms and Kinderscout

THESE ARE HUNGRY TIMES IN THE GLENS OF THE NORTH : This is a winter scene in Glen Lui, near Braemar, where 500 stags and 100 hind face the rigours of the winter.

On right—

KINDERSCOUT WEARS ITS WINTER MANTLE : This famous and wild piece of high moorland in Derbyshire is seen beneath menacing clouds just before the outbreak of a storm. For once the heather, moss and peat of the summit are shrouded. Only certain paths on Kinderscout are open to the public, as the peak is strictly preserved for grouse-shooting.

GLASGOW

AND THE PANORAMA OF THE CLYDE

Viewed at a Moment When Scottish Industry is Gearing Itself to the New and Exacting Demands of Britain's Vast Rearmament Programme

By GEORGE BLAKE

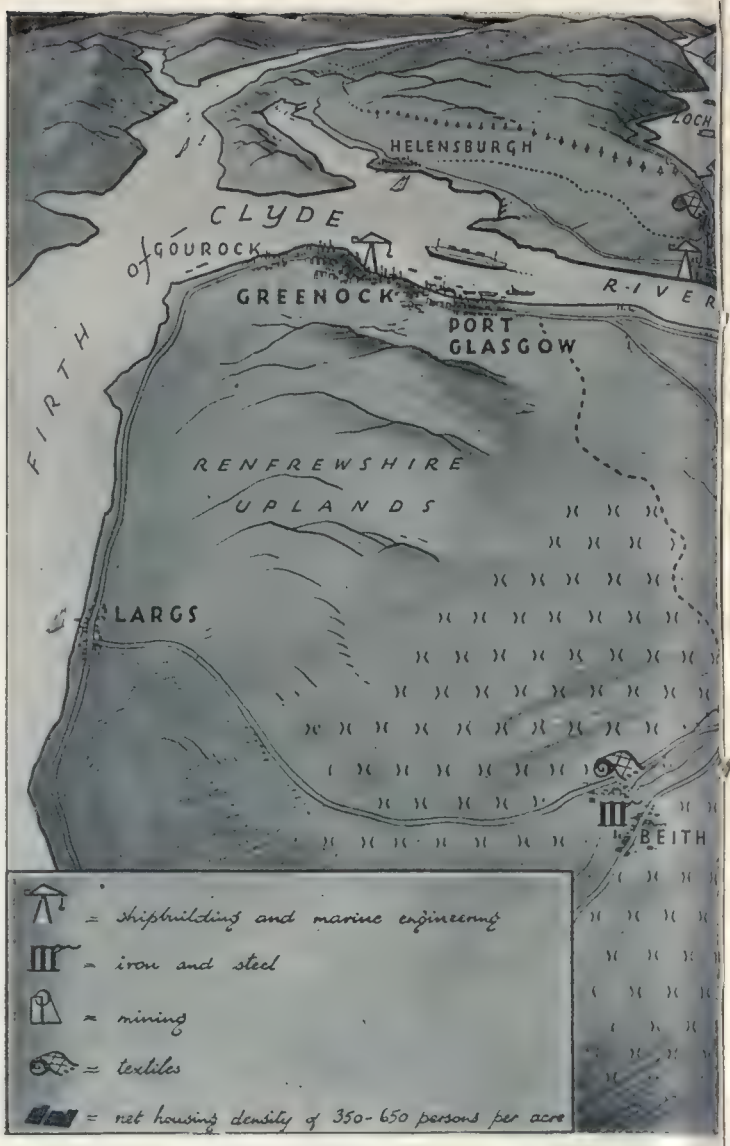
(Author of "The Shipbuilders," "The Westering Sun," and "The Piper's Tune")

Glasgow, for more than a century celebrated for its heavy industries—iron, steel, shipbuilding, engineering and the making of locomotives, boilers, cranes, bridges and machinery—has a vital part to play in the rearmament of Britain, and in this connection she has carried into 1952 shipping tonnages, on the stocks, in fitting-out basins, and to be laid down, unequalled in her history. For Glasgow, because of shortages of men and materials, because of the inflationary spiral, these facts do not betoken unexampled prosperity, but they do show just how important Glasgow and the Clyde are in the economy of Britain. In this special SPHERE feature George Blake, well known as a novelist and journalist, who was born in Greenock and knows the Clyde as well as any of his countrymen, throws a spotlight on the industrial and social life of this highly important area—the very heart of the British Ruhr he calls it—and if the implication may not please all good Scotsmen, the analogy is none the less well understood. Since 1931 statisticians tell us that the Counties of Renfrew, Dumbarton and Lanark (including Glasgow) have grown more slowly than the rest of Scotland, the chief population increases being found in Kincardine, Moray and Clackmannan, particularly where the gravitation is to the new coalfields. Coal, indeed, may now exercise a strong centrifugal thrust from the Glasgow area, and the same may be said in lesser degree of the present oil-refinery and petro-chemical developments round Grangemouth, on the Forth, for these could be the prelude to the large-scale production of oil-based materials. Such things, however, belong in part to the problematical future. They do not necessarily challenge the pre-eminence of the Glasgow of the present, the Glasgow with its wide range of industrial skills and experience, the traditional melting-pot of the Highlands and islands, and it is that with which we are now concerned and upon which Britain now in great measure depends for her productivity.

MR. GEORGE BLAKE: This picture of the author of the accompanying article was taken recently at Glasgow's P.E.N. Club Dinner.

THE people of Glasgow used to boast, and not always in season, that theirs was "the Second City of the Empire." This was to ignore the sprawl of such communities as Calcutta, and even if the claim meant only that Glasgow was next to London in population within the United Kingdom, that was put out of court by the Census of 1951, which showed that more people live within the borough boundaries of Birmingham than live within the burgh boundaries of its industrial rival in the North.

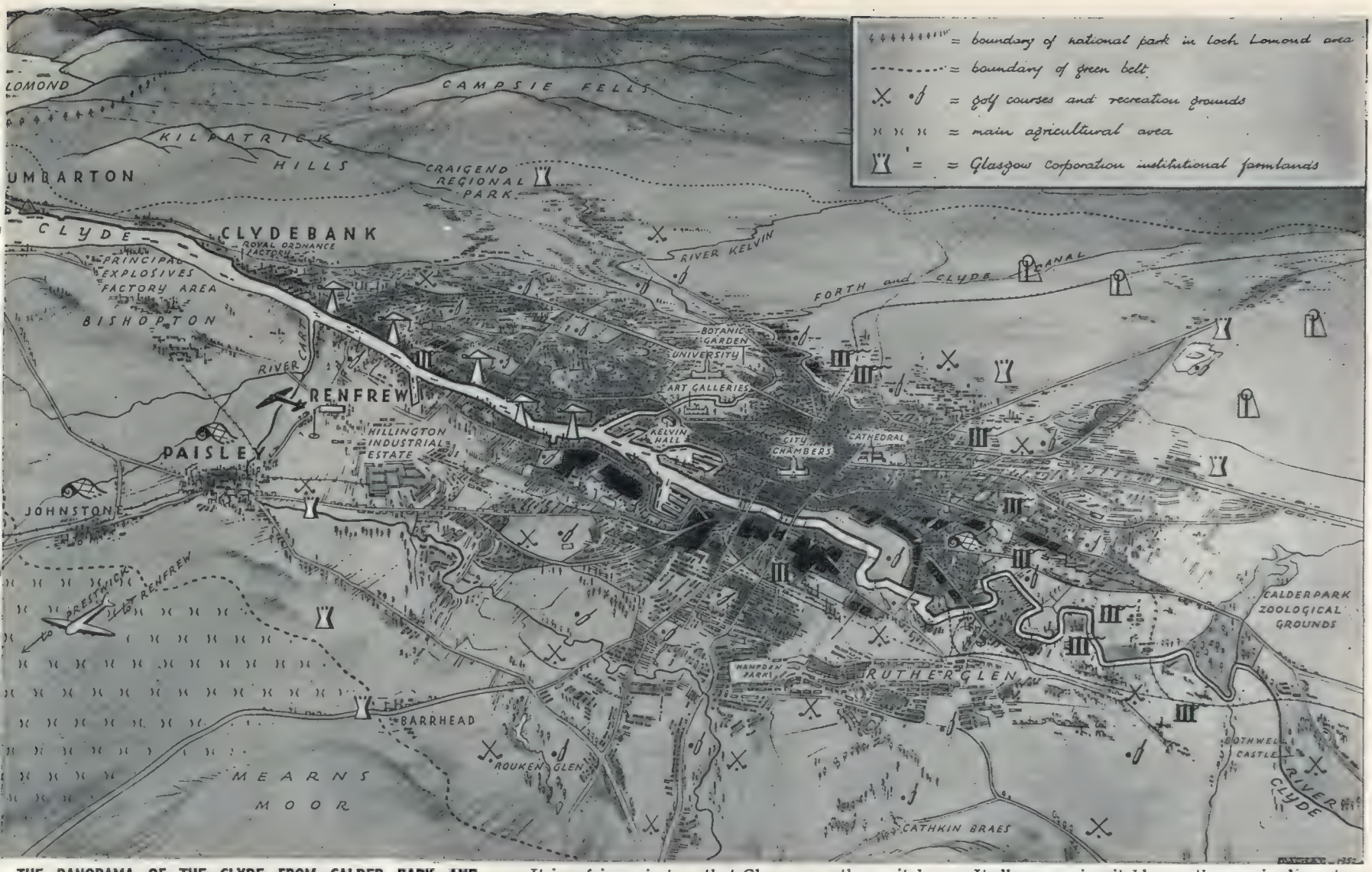
Popular comparisons of the kind are misleading, even useless. So much depends on the area within which civic rates may be levied, votes cast, and so on. In this respect Glasgow is a relatively small and congested city. Its area or acreage is actually much less than that of Edinburgh, which houses a population smaller by more than 50 per cent. It would be hard to estimate the number of people who *use* Glasgow day by day on their lawful occasions, but who (for several rather special reasons I shall explain later on) have their homes outside it. It could probably be shown statistically that the number of persons who make their living in and out of this exasperating and warm-hearted city is proportionately even greater than that of those who, contributing to the wealth of London, live anywhere outside it, from Chingford, in the east, to Slough, in the west, from Gerrard's Cross, in the north, to Guildford, in the south.



THIS SPECIAL EIGHT-PAGE FEATURE OF "THE SPHERE," WITH ARTICLES BY GEORGE BLAKE AND MORAY MACLAREN, THROWS A SPOTLIGHT ON THE INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CLYDE

Drawings are Specially Contributed By

CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S., R.B.A., and JOHN MACKAY



THE PANORAMA OF THE CLYDE FROM CALDER PARK AND BOTHWELL CASTLE, THROUGH GLASGOW, RENFREW, CLYDEBANK AND DUMBARTON TO THE ESTUARY TOWNS OF PORT GLASGOW AND GREENOCK: In this special "Sphere" drawing John Mackay shows the great industrial area which is the subject of the articles and pictures in this special eight-page section of "The Sphere." Away to the north of the area are the Campsie Fells and Loch Lomond, the playground of so many young Glasgow people. The southern boundary of the Loch Lomond National Park area is defined. The Clyde is itself another great playground, offering wonderful opportunities for the yachting enthusiast.

It is a fair conjecture that Glasgow, as the capital of the clotted industrial area of Clydeside, dominates the lives of fully one-third, and nearly one-half, of the total population of Scotland. It is the very heart of a British Ruhr. The sentimentality of modern entertainment has taken it as the home of razor-slashers, miracles in the Gorbals, "Scotch comics," professional Soccer and a certain skill in the building of big ships. The razor-slashers and the comics are always with us, but there are no miracles in the Gorbals; there is only squalor. The footballers and the shipbuilders are the purer expressions of the native genius.

It all grew, as inevitably as a theorem in elementary mathematics, out of the ferocious impact of industrialism on what had been, according to Defoe and other eighteenth-century travellers, "one of the beatifullest little cities of Europe." Old engravings show it to have been a gracious place indeed. It still contains the finest, intact pre-Reformation cathedral in Scotland—now, in fact, being lovingly renovated by the Friends of Glasgow Cathedral.

In Glasgow, however, you have to choose between an old cathedral or a new ship, between the stained-glass windows and slobs of red lead over the plates of steamers being built not far away. If the wind is blowing from the west, you can stand on the steps of the Cathedral and hear the rattle of automatic riveting-machines drift, like the noises of a machine-gun battle far away, over at least four miles of city roof, and above the clatter of those trams to which Glasgow remains almost pathetically faithful.

Glasgow's is, indeed, an almost unique case of a market-cathedral town being transformed into a crowded industrial city almost overnight, as it were, and that by one of those series of historical accidents beyond prevision and inexplicable even in retrospect.

The Act of Union of 1707 benefited all the seaports of Scotland, especially in the west, by throwing the ports of America open to native shipping. The merchants of Glasgow forthwith developed a rich trade in tobacco from the North American colonies, and the wealth and arrogance of the Tobacco Lords in their scarlet cloaks are still legendary. But Glasgow was not a seaport in its own right. Between its warehouses and deep water stretched 20-odd miles of estuarine Clyde, blocked by sandbanks, or "hairsts," as the old records describe them. The merchandise of the Americas could be brought to the city only through distant ports and Customs and then laboriously hauled over rough and hilly roads. All the commercial genius of the community was therefore directed towards the apparently intractable problem of so deepening the Clyde below Glasgow Bridge down to Greenock that big ships could be brought into the heart of the city, which (as the map shows) is very near the heart of Scotland.

(*Continued on following page*)

On left—**THE CLYDE FROM LYLE HILL ABOVE GREENOCK, A "SPHERE" DRAWING BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER: In this view, looking northward across the tide-way down which so many thousands of new ships have steamed from the building-yards to the sea, the hills of Dumbarton are seen in the far distance, with Dumbarton Rock away to the right. The roofs of Greenock are in the fore-ground, and on the same shore in the distance on the right Port Glasgow looms up amid the industrial haze.** Greenock lies 22 miles west of Glasgow. The port has been continuously improved since it was first opened in 1710, and it has considerable ship-building yards. During the Second World War, Greenock and neighbouring Gourock were important places of embarkation for troops going overseas. Greenock suf-fered two successive nights of severe air raids on May 5 and 6, 1941. The seaport's naval dockyard was closed in 1946.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, AND IN THE FOREGROUND THE WEIR OF THE KELVIN IN KELVIN PARK: The building, standing prominently on the ridge of Gilmore Hill, was designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott in 1868, who selected the site. The design is early English, with a suggestion in parts of the Scots-French style of a much later period. The main structure is 540 ft. long and 300 ft. broad. Glasgow's university charter was granted by Pope Nicholas V in 1450-51. The university now has accommodation for 5,000 students in the various faculties. There are also technical, domestic and commercial colleges, and other specialised institutions.

On right — GLASGOW FOLK ARE BOOK-LOVERS — AND BIG BOOK-BUYERS: Here are two citizens browsing round the contents of a barrow in the region of Renfield Street, where most of the bookshops and bookstalls are established. Volumes of the classics are in unceasing demand, whereas commentaries on the South African and the First World War may go for a few pence; if at all.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, ST. MUNGO'S, A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF EARLY ENGLISH WORK, IMPRESSIVE IN ITS SIMPLICITY: Religious toleration has been a characteristic of Glasgow since 543, when St. Kentigern (Mungo) raised the standard of Christianity and founded Glasgow on the banks of the Molindar, a tributary of the Clyde. A cathedral dedicated in 1136 was burnt down in the same century, and the first section of the present building was dedicated in 1197.

THE PANORAMA OF THE CLYDE

(*Continued from previous page*)

It was done: one of the major triumphs of communal spirit and engineering genius in recorded history. All the great engineers of the period had a pass at the problem, but the proper solution was suggested by an Englishman! He was John Golborne, of Chester, who, with much experience of the wayward habits of the sands of Dee, proposed that jetties be built out into the adolescent Clyde so that the running river and the flowing tides should, as it were, scour a deep channel for themselves. And it worked. Then one of Golborne's successors suggested that the ends of his jetties should be linked up by quays, still more narrowly confining the capricious waters. Thus and thus, with a vast amount of primitive dredging thrown in, a sizeable ship out of Liverpool arrived at Glasgow with a valuable cargo on a day in 1808. More than 20 miles from real salt-water, Glasgow had become one of the seaports of Britain, just as the Ship Canal so surprisingly makes Manchester an ocean terminal.

AT THE SOUTHERN END OF GLASGOW HIGH STREET STANDS THE REMAINS OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH, OR TOWN HOUSE: The Tolbooth was built about 1626 and was at one time the centre of the city's life. On the right is the Mercat Cross.

With the loss of the American colonies, the city's tobacco trade had collapsed, but the accidents of history were still in Glasgow's favour. James Watt, a native of Greenock, but working under the protection of the University of Glasgow, had hit upon the idea of the separate condenser that made the steam engine a practical proposition. In due course another native genius, James Beaumont Neilson, invented the blast-furnace, which could put to such excellent use the vast supplies of coal and blackband ironstone in the Lanarkshire hinterland. With a deep-water channel now leading to the Western Approaches, the industrious merchants of Glasgow naturally saw their commercial future in terms of the possibilities of Mr. Watt's improved steam engine. They were, in fact, shortly involved in a ferment, almost a riot, of industrial expansion—as if their long separation from the sea had imprisoned an irresistible force of latent energy.

The history of steam-shipbuilding is a complicated and contentious subject. A steamboat plied on a Scottish loch (with Robert Burns among the witnesses of this marvel) long before the *Comet* sailed down the Clyde in 1812, a piper blowing his head off in the bows. The Americans were at the game even before the Scots. It is the strange historical truth, however, that the most terrific concentration of shipbuilding power in the world developed along the banks of this northern river, not so long ago a silted estuary. With some help from the Admiralty and its addiction to the wooden walls of Old England, the Scottish shipbuilders and engineers snatched the lead in shipbuilding from the Thames and the South Coast.

Quite soberly speaking, the banks of the Clyde on both sides for some nine miles below Glasgow Bridge are among the wonders of our brave new world—shipyard after shipyard; huge hulls of steel looming over the dull waters of the ship-channel—all to the obbligato of the Thor hammers and the stage-effects of oxy-acetylene burners suddenly spurting in livid flame. Nearly 40 per cent. of Britain's shipbuilding

FACING GLASGOW GREEN IS THIS STRANGE ARCHITECTURAL CONSTRUCTION: It is the carpet factory of James Templeton and Co., Ltd., one of the leaders of the British carpet industry. One-third of the industry is in Scotland, and there, in particular, it has proved virile, adaptable and competitive.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE CLYDE—OUTWARD- AND INWARD-GOING VESSELS ON THE RIVER AT BOWLING, A FEW MILES DOWNSTREAM FROM THE GREAT SHIPYARDS AT CLYDEBANK : Bowling stands on the right bank of the river at the point where it begins to widen out above Dumbarton. In the far distance can be seen some of the giant cranes in the Clydebank yards. How in earlier days Glasgow people dredged their much-silted river to create this highway of the Clyde is one of the most dramatic stories in the city's industrial history. From then on, Glasgow was one of Britain's major seaports.

power is concentrated here, and that is a tidy percentage of the world's output of new shipping. They think nothing of launching a *Queen* 300 yards long into a channel much less in breadth—a miracle of acquired expertise in the angling of the launching-ways and nice calculation of the weight of check-chains.

But it is wrong to think of Glasgow merely in terms of the ship. The symbol is useful, but the labour force directly employed in the yards up and down river, estuary and firth is not a predominant element of the population. The pattern of Glasgow life is shaped rather by those in the industries ancillary to shipbuilding—engineering in all its branches, including a huge export trade in locomotives; pumps and paints and capstans; timber and galvanising; steering-gears and nautical instruments; printing in a big way—never forgetting the very lively remnants of the aboriginal trade in textiles. There is even at least one workshop given over to clay-pipe making.

Glasgow still manufactures bagpipes, for that matter, but the real Big Money simply poured into the city during the middle years of last century

IN THE HEART OF GLASGOW'S DOCKLAND : Cross-river ferries seen against the background of the giant cranes in Barclay Curle's yard. In the foreground is one of the passenger-ferries, and behind it is a vehicle-ferry.

on the strength of shipbuilding and engineering power: import and export within the terms of expanding Victorian economy. Now, in the era of a contracting economy 100 years later, we ruefully and paradoxically count the costs of that expansion.

It meant, in the first place, the organised importation of cheap labour from the Western Highlands, from the bogs of Ireland, and even from Lithuania, so that the sewers might be dug and the railways laid. It meant hasty, planless building of homes for those innocents, so that far too much of Central Glasgow is still a congeries of slums, while suburban streets of the highest respectability seem like canyons between the tenement buildings, four or five storeys high. It meant overcrowding, disease, quite excessive drunkenness—all those evils against which the excellent social services of the modern city are still fighting.

One result of organised immigration from the fringes was to make of Glasgow a city predominantly Celtic in its social character—rough, untidy, impulsive, generous and occasionally dangerous. (Its school population is 30 per cent. Roman Catholic, tending to

(Concluded on following page)

THE QUAYS OF THE BROOMIELAW : Steamers carrying both goods and passengers constantly leave the Broomielaw for the piers and ports on the river and firth, the islands and sea lochs of Argyllshire, and also Northern Ireland. The *Royal Ulsterman*, linking Glasgow with Belfast, is seen in the foreground on the right, and on the extreme right are the offices of the Clyde Navigation Trust. Down-river are the cranes of Harland and Wolff and other shipbuilding concerns, and the big Meadowside granary.

THE PANORAMA OF THE CLYDE

(Concluded from previous page)

increase.) One has often thought that the passionate devotion of the working folk to this football club or that, is a sort of hangover from the religious and clan feuds of the day before yesterday. Edinburgh is a prim, orderly Mercian capital in comparison with its slattern sister in the West.

Yet the people of Glasgow found their ways of escape from the "connurbation" that had grown about them in the early nineteenth century. Their grim city was surrounded on three sides by superb country; just down the river, by way of that ingenious ship-channel, were the glories of the Firth of Clyde. To the latter the new steamboats they were building and engining in a ferocity of competition provided the easy, novel and cheap means of access.

Thus the new proletariat of a new industrial area began to spread itself. Mere Highland hamlets on the Firth of Clyde, such as Dunoon, developed as holiday resorts, however clumsily. The well-to-do built villas here, there and everywhere along an enchanted coast and took to yachting on a picturesque and expensive scale. The slightly less well-to-do also tended to desert the city out of which they made their money and, favoured by competitive and almost brilliant railway services, created dormitory settlements in such places as Kilmacolm, on the Renfrewshire uplands, as Skelmorlie, on the Ayrshire coast, as Helensburgh, on the shores of Dumbartonshire.

This sort of thing has happened elsewhere, as in the extensions of Liverpool into the Wirral and along the northern shores of the Mersey estuary, but Glasgow is almost certainly the leading case of a large and progressive community that, by the accident of history, has dispersed its real wealth and its inheritance of brains and energy too wide and too far. It is not in the least surprising that Labour held power in Glasgow Corporation (116 members) for eighteen years or so, and is even now only in a small minority.

We are now living in 1952, however. It is long since iron-ore was mined round about Glasgow. The National Coal Board tells us that the Lanarkshire pits are either being worked out or flooded, and that the shift of coal-power must be eastwards, towards Fife and the Lothians. For that matter, the working folk of this crowded region have almost forsaken "the Coast" that seemed so wonderful to their grandfathers. The force of all sorts of shifting values now impels them away from Dunoon and Rothesay towards Blackpool and London for their holiday jaunts.

This sort of inclination is not at all peculiar to Glasgow, but the case of this crowded and increasingly sophisticated city is unique in that the new freedom implies a dramatic decline in the old authority of the kirk. The motor-coach, the bathing-pool and the peculiarity of the Scottish licensing laws lure the masses from those drab streets of parallel tenement-buildings every fine Sunday, and the church bells ring in vain. Hordes of the young folk go cycling, hiking or climbing in all sorts of weather as elsewhere.

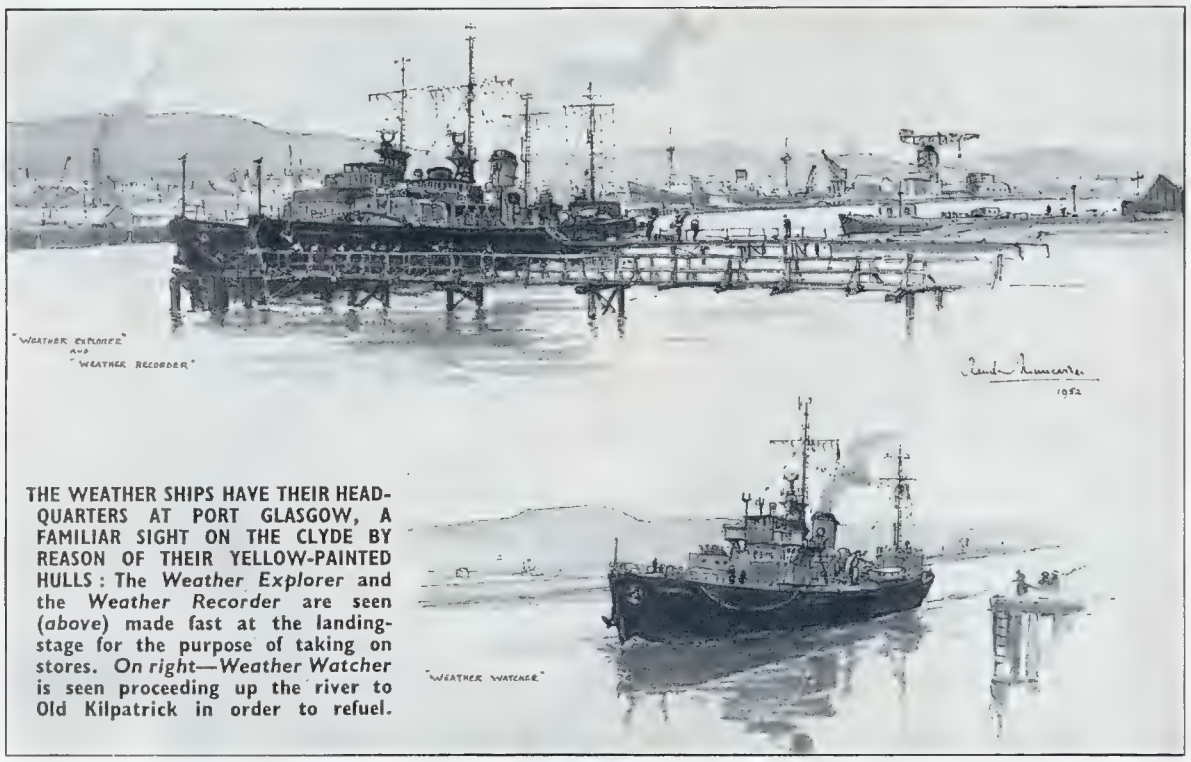
So Glasgow expands its horizon, not a little influenced by Hollywood. If Jock Thomson, the hole-borer in Fairfield, thinks nothing of hitch-hiking to Fort William and back within the short week-end, with an ascent of Ben Nevis thrown in, the car of his departmental manager carries a GB plaque and has probably been to Portofino or thereabouts during the summer. The more subtle and intractable aspects of the expansion outwards are a revolt against the traditional tenement flat and a demand for the compact little house in its own bit of garden ground.

This has brought about a revolution in housing within a generation. The local authority must scramble and bargain for vacant pieces of land. It must deal as best it can with the dark problems of sewage, power and water supplies for new and far-flung settlements: above all, with heart-breaking transport problems.

Briefly, the pretty little eighteenth-century city was so swiftly and thoughtlessly enlarged by nineteenth-century expansionism that the twentieth century has in this single community enough problems to keep the planners busy into the twenty-first.

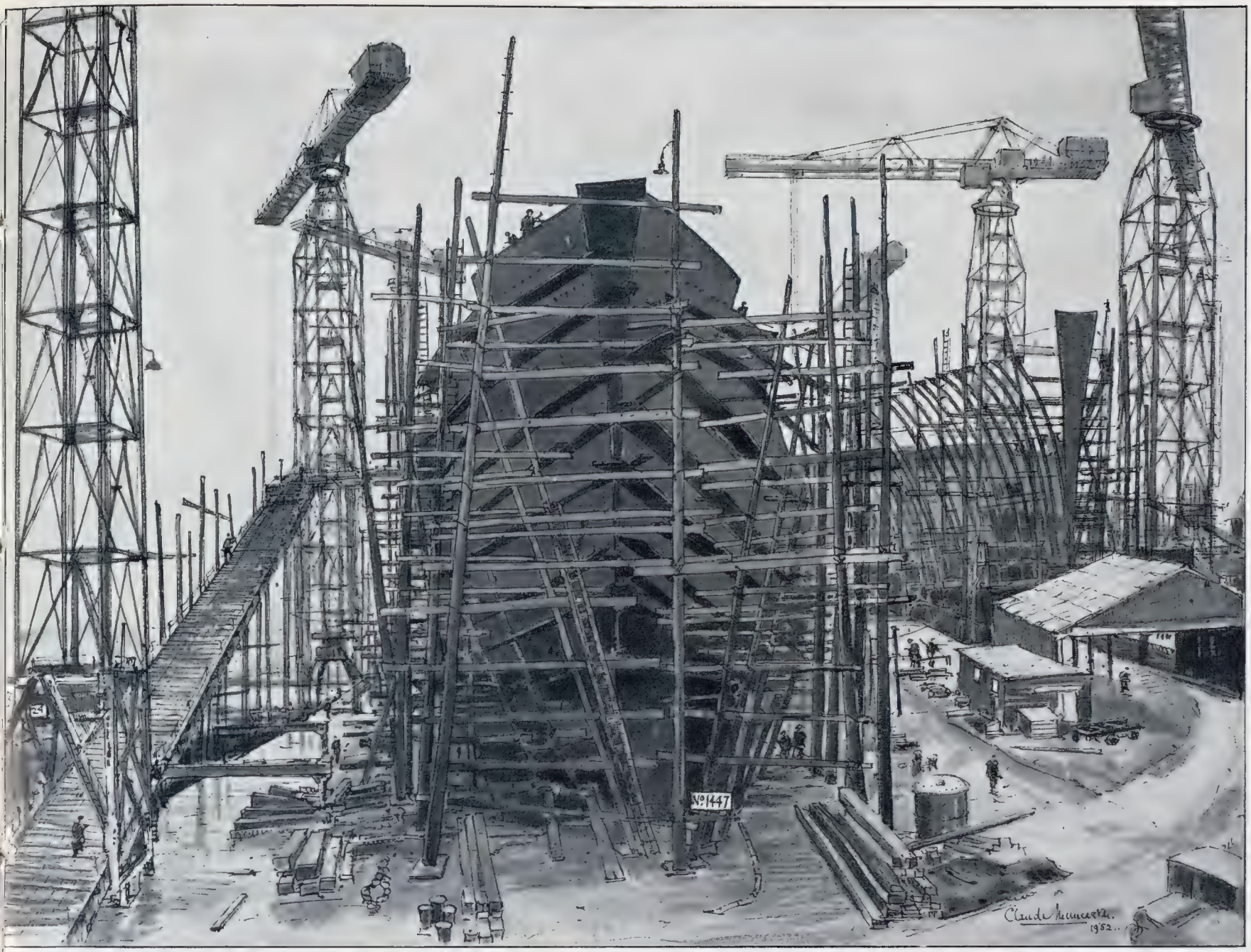
And yet it charmingly remains the Glasgow to which Will Fyffe's maudlin engineer belonged—slightly daft in its social character, generous, given to sardonic humours as to passionate politics, diffuse in its nature, predominantly a city of the workers. It is a waste of time to bring the Bond Street mind to this boreal phenomenon. The average American G.I. of World War II thought it "swell"; and that implies with uncanny precision the eccentric figure cut by Glasgow among the cities of this delightfully various Britain.

THE FINNIESTOWN FITTING-OUT CRANE AT STOB CROSS QUAY ENGAGED IN FITTING-OUT OPERATIONS ON THE "NAIMUR": The crane is engaged in putting boilers into the new vessel, one of which is seen in mid-air, while the others are on the dockside.

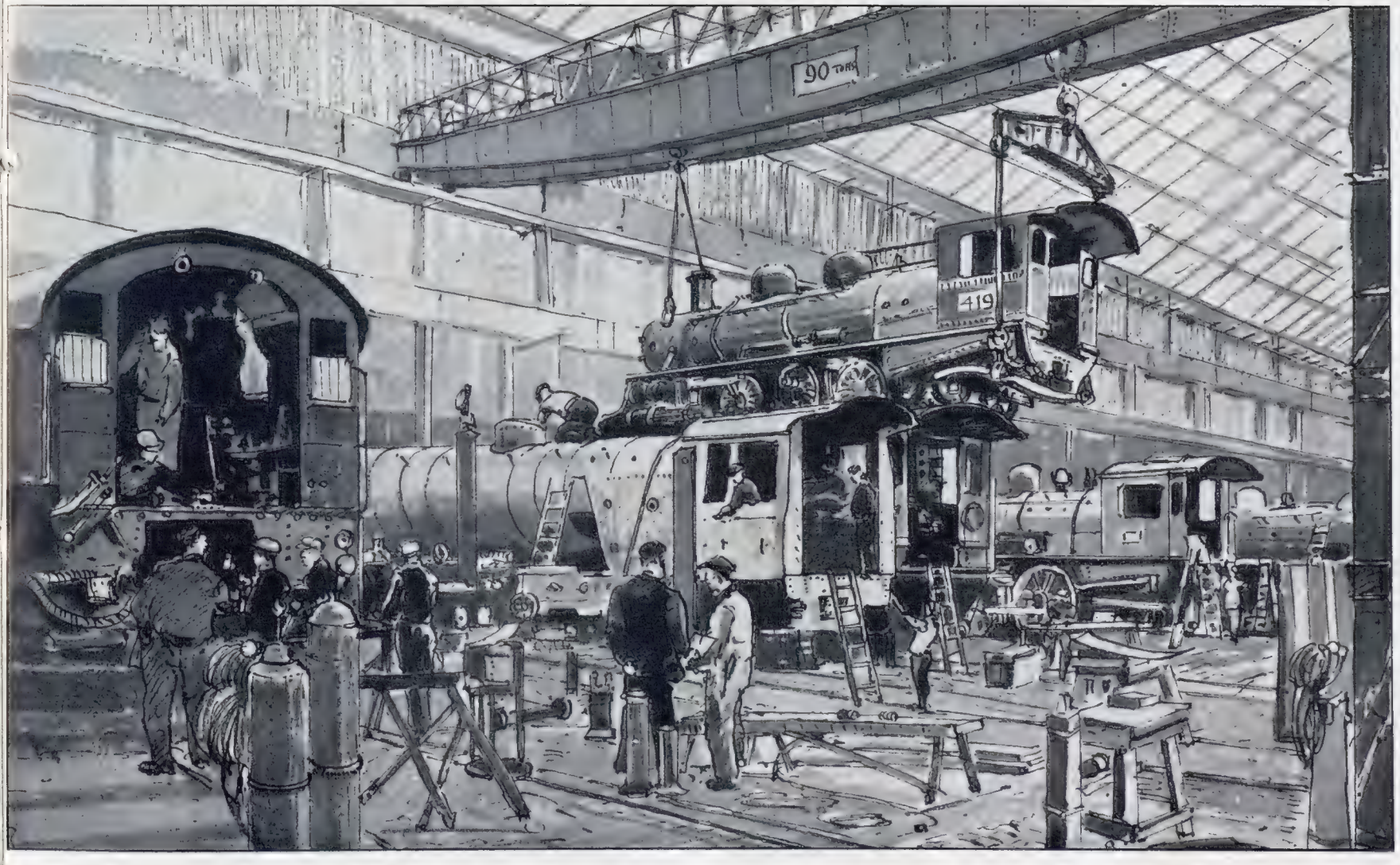


THE WEATHER SHIPS HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS AT PORT GLASGOW, A FAMILIAR SIGHT ON THE CLYDE BY REASON OF THEIR YELLOW-PAINTED HULLS: The *Weather Explorer* and the *Weather Recorder* are seen (*above*) made fast at the landing-stage for the purpose of taking on stores. *On right*—*Weather Watcher* is seen proceeding up the river to Old Kilpatrick in order to refuel.

***On right*—THE MORNING SHIFT COMES OFF AT THE YARDS OF HARLAND AND WOLFF AT GOVAN CROSS: The shipbuilding industry in Glasgow, as also in the rest of Britain, has never had such a long order-book as it possesses to-day, but as so often happens when orders are plentiful, materials and man-power are in increasingly short supply.**



THE MOTOR-SHIP "ESSEQUIBO" ON THE STOCKS IN THE HARLAND AND WOLFF YARDS ON THE CLYDE: The *Essequibo* is a cargo liner for Royal Mail to be launched in March. Of new tonnage built or building on the Clyde last year, oil tankers predominated, twenty-four being on order, followed by cargo-ships, of which there were seventeen.



***Below*—A CORNER OF THE ERECTING SHOP OF THE NORTH BRITISH LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY AT SPRINGBURN:** This company is carrying out development work in the gas-turbine field in collaboration with C. A. Parsons. Their first coal-burning gas-turbine locomotive will be tried out on British Railways, but it has been designed with an eye on export needs.

The Panorama of the Clyde

The People of Glasgow

By MORAY MACLAREN

THERE is no town in Scotland, possibly in Britain, which more clearly stamps its character on its inhabitants than does Glasgow. If one hears the voice of a Glaswegian talking in the next room or upon crossed lines in a telephone call, there is seldom any doubt of his native city. And this is true of poor and rich alike. The sing-song, half-Lowland, half-Highland Scottish intonation may be expressed crudely or with refinement, but it is unmistakably Glasgow. There is, too, a quality in the character and behaviour of the Glasgow folk which is as widespread amongst them as their accent. It springs from a combination of warm-heartedness and quick intelligence. The Glasgow folk are nimble, too, in their bodies as well as their minds; they have to be in their crowded streets. Glasgow has been described as a city of the quick *or* the dead.

ON SATURDAYS IN THE FOOTBALL SEASON HAMPDEN PARK IS THE FOCAL-POINT OF SPORTING INTEREST: Here a vast crowd is seen within the famous arena, just after the start of a game, while some thousands of others are still queueing at the turnstiles. Hampden Park can hold 150,000 people, but the crowd is now limited to 135,000.

There are a number of races and types which have contributed to the Glasgow character. There is the old Lowland Scottish West Country stock as a kind of sub-stratum. There is the Highland infusion which came in during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There are the Irish, who themselves are divided into two groups, the Southern and the Orange, and, finally, there are the European refugees who, ever since the revolutions of 1848, have been coming into Glasgow either to flee from tyranny or in the hope of making their fortunes in what was once "the Second City of the Empire." All these incomers, whether from the British Isles or from the Continent, often retain their domestic habits in private and nearly always their religions, but they quickly acquire the Glasgow speech and the Glasgow character in public. They have helped to make Glasgow; and Glasgow has certainly made them what they are.

THE WEEK-ENDERS: Hikers, in all sorts of weird and wonderful garb, gathered at the bus station at Killermont Street. Those who take a bus out to Maryhill will soon find themselves well away from the turmoil of the city and heading for the Campsie Fells.

The worst slums in Europe in the last century were to be found in Glasgow. And while it is true that there were richer cities in the world then than Glasgow, it is also true that never had there been such wealth in any town in Scotland (indeed in all Scotland) than there was in Glasgow at the time of our grandfathers. These two possibly complementary facts have helped to make the Glasgow character of to-day.

The warm-heartedness and mental nimbleness of the Glasgow people may come partly from the strong infusion of Celtic blood (Highland and Irish), but it also derives from the fact that in this city of wealth and poverty there is constant ebb and flow of prosperity. In these circumstances there is little room for snobbishness and much encouragement for quickness of mind and warm-hearted sympathy amongst those who are struggling upwards and who share in each other's fortunes and misfortunes.

At the same time, the fact that it is for not much more than 100 years that the crust of the great wealth of Glasgow has floated uneasily upon a flood of poverty and over-publicised disrepute, has produced a quality in a certain section of Glasgow not much spoken about—intense respectability. There is no town in Great Britain where those who have "arrived" are more anxious to hang on to the fact. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more consciously respectable group of people than the non-aristocratic wealthy, upper-middle classes of Glasgow, who have come so recently, and with such effort, to the top of this turbulent, vital, exciting sea of poverty and changing circumstances. Yet even with these, in the midst of their hard-won wealth and respectability, the native Glasgow warm-heartedness keeps breaking through.

In between the wealthy ones and the poor there is the large middle class of Glasgow citizens who have done more than anyone else to spread the fame of their city as an enlightened and go-ahead place. These are the school teachers, the younger medical men, the technicians, the journalists (Glasgow is a city of vital journalism), the shopkeepers, the artists (Glasgow once had a school of painters that was world-famous) and all the others, employed or self-employed, who earn something in the neighbourhood of £1,000 a year. It is these people who are responsible for the intellectual life of the city and who make a Glasgow audience one of the most stimulating in the world.

Some of these who form this vivid section of Glasgow life have been born in the class, many others have risen to it from comparative poverty. Yet in their speech and "way of going on" you would not notice much difference between them and those above and below them in the income groups. They do not suffer from a desire to put on airs with increased comfort. On the whole, Glasgow is proudly, unaffectedly unclass-conscious; and these middle classes (as is not always so with the middle classes elsewhere) show that estimable quality at its best.

But it is not the great merchants with their wide influence, nor yet the vitally intelligent middle classes that have presented the Glasgow character to the world, but the working people. Scottish (Lowland or Highland), Irish (Southern or Ulster) incomers at two or three generations remove—it is these men who work in the shipyards, on the trams and buses, in the small shops and in countless other humble ways, these men and their womenfolk who make what Britain and the world think of as "the people of Glasgow." J. J. Bell's Wee MacGregor, Will Fyffe's "common old working chap" out on his Saturday night, the "Gorbals diehards" of John Buchan's romances, the engineer of Kipling's "MacAndrew's Hymn," these and many other types popular in fiction, on the stage and music-hall, in the eyes of most non-Glaswegians stand for Glasgow. And it is right that they should do so. They form the vast majority of the population of the place.

Richly individual though they may be, they have many rich characteristics in common. They can be as dour and as calculatedly ungracious as the most traditional of their Lowland compatriots, yet they are full of emotion and can show it. A southerner whose first taste of the people of Glasgow may be the mono-syllabic or silent rudeness of the taxi-driver will have his first impressions quickly corrected as soon as he enters a public-house or goes to any public place of entertainment or pleasure.

They will push you off the pavement or buffet you in the shop queue with an abruptness that may take you aback if you are not accustomed to it, but before you have had time to let your annoyance harden into anger you will have had evidence of such kindness that you will have forgotten the initial insults—or so they appeared to you. If, in their eyes, you attempt to "put on side," do an act to them to imply your superiority, you will be put in your place with a crudity which may seem to you entirely unnecessary, but as soon as they are convinced that your accent or your manner are natural and not affected, they will welcome you with a gusto which is not crude but heart-warming and touching.

They are patriotic and highly civic-conscious, always ready (even the incomers of one generation remove) to uphold the superiority of Scotland amongst nations and Glasgow amongst cities. They would not care to live anywhere else, and the fondness of their menfolk for the exciting qualities of liquor in general, and whisky in particular, often springs less from a desire to escape from Glasgow than from a desire to enjoy it to its full when upon a Saturday night "Glasgow belongs tae me."

The Glasgow working man is a product of industrialism, but it would be a great mistake to think of him as an industrial slave. The men who build the great ships on the Clyde are not only individuals, but individual craftsmen with a pride in their craft. They would laugh at you or treat you to silent Glasgow contempt if you hinted that they had any emotion of love for their work.

The shocking slum conditions in which some of these workers lived in the last century have been partly, but not nearly quickly enough, improved. The new housing schemes on the outskirts of the city are helping to draw off the worst of overcrowding. But the quality of the working people of Glasgow, forged in the fires, agonies and achievements of industrialism, remains. Tenacious yet quick, emotional yet often dour, small in stature yet physically strong and "bonny fechters," they carry on their grandfather's type into an age when the old glory of the Clyde as *the* workshop of the Western world has departed and new conditions, new difficulties and new hopes lie before Glasgow. Will they be able to adapt themselves to this new world? There is every hope

SAUCHIEHALL STREET, NEAR THE RENFIELD ST. JUNCTION, ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON: Invariably it is crowded, but more often than not in wintertime the males are conspicuous by their absence. An investigation of the phenomenon would probably reveal that they were out at Hampden Park, Ibrox or Celtic Park watching football.

SLUM PROPERTY IN GLASGOW : The shocking slum conditions in which many Glasgow workers live has been in part, but not quickly enough, improved, says Moray Maclaren in his article. The new housing schemes on the outskirts of the city are, however, helping to draw off the worst of overcrowding. With over 1,000 miles of streets lined with residential tenements and commercial buildings Glasgow is still one of the most congested cities of Europe, in astonishing contrast to the city of the days before the industrial revolution, when the Gallowgate, the Saltmarket and Trongate were the promenades of the citizenry.

THE FORMAL MAGNIFICENCE OF GEORGE'S SQUARE : In the background are the municipal buildings, and in the middle distance is seen the 80-ft. column of the Scott monument.

BUCHANAN STREET, IN THE SHOPPING HEART OF MODERN GLASGOW : If Argyle Street is the busiest shopping thoroughfare and Sauchiehall Street is the best known, Buchanan Street is possibly the most dignified. One of the finest thoroughfares is Great Western Road, which leads almost from the west centre of the city to the Loch Lomond Boulevard, constructed after the First World War.

A TENEMENT IN COWCADDENS : Once it may have been the dignified home of a city merchant ; now the walls flake away.

Old and New

GLASGOW

THE MELTING-POT OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS ; A CITY OF CONTRASTS

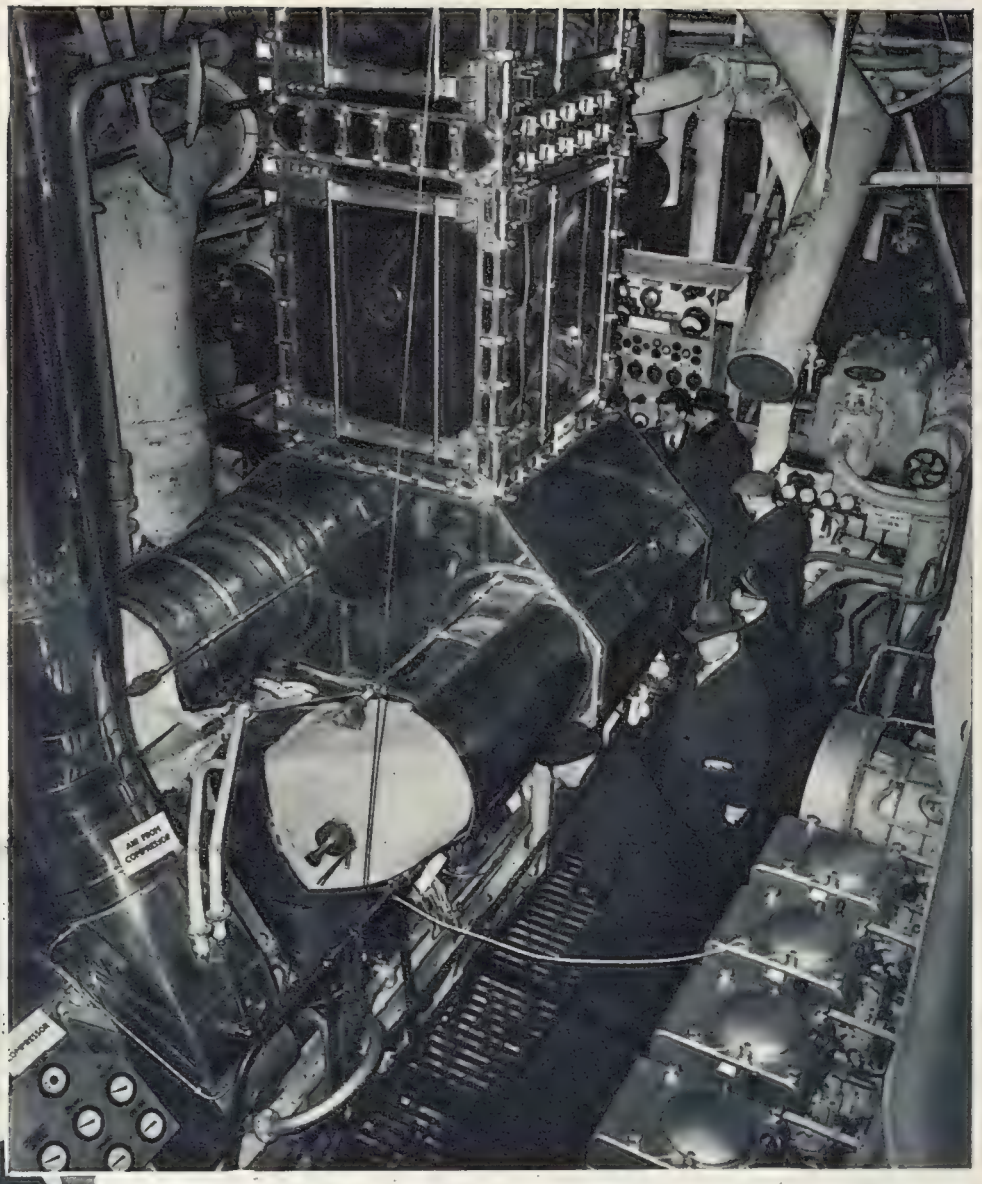
CHILDREN ON GLENMARIS STREET : Here are the traditional tenement flats of the industrial Glasgow of the nineteenth century. To-day the Glasgow citizen seeks his own compact house in its own garden, but for thousands this must remain but a dream. In Glasgow, writes George Blake, there are enough problems in this twentieth century "to keep the planners busy into the twenty-first."

POST-WAR FLATS ON THE ENORMOUS POLLOK HOUSING ESTATE, BUILT FOR GLASGOW CORPORATION : The Glasgow Council's building plan after the Second World War envisaged an expenditure of over £100,000,000 on houses in fifteen years. The programme has not kept to schedule.

THE FIRST GAS-TURBINE TANKER

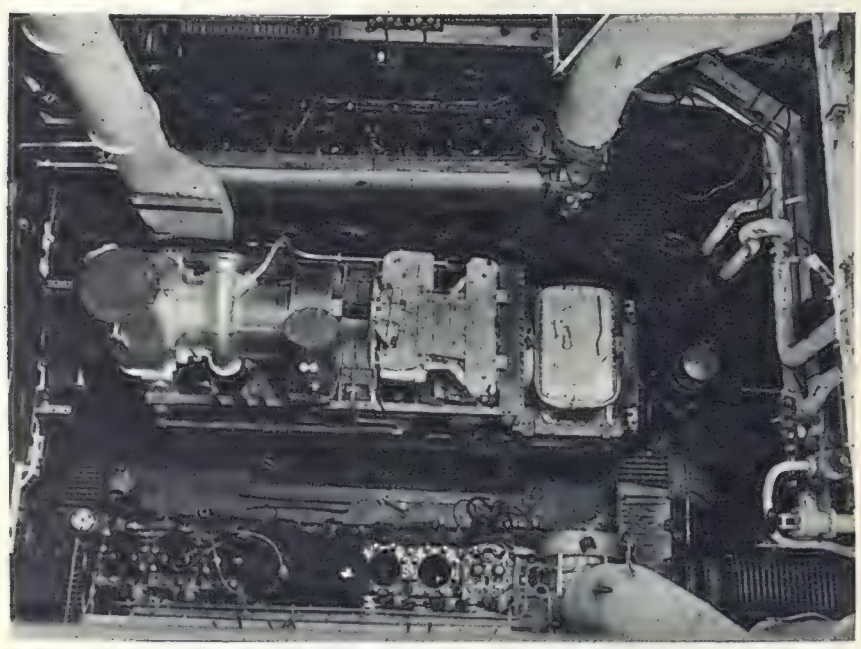
The Tanker "Auris," First Merchant Ship to Use a Gas-Turbine Power Unit, Recently Returned to England After a Successful 13,000-Mile Voyage

THE SHELL OIL TANKER "AURIS" UNDER WAY OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND: The replacement of one of the vessel's Diesel-electric engines by a gas-turbine unit has made her the world's first gas-turbine merchant ship. The turbine gave no trouble and was run at maximum power throughout the ship's round trip to Mexico.

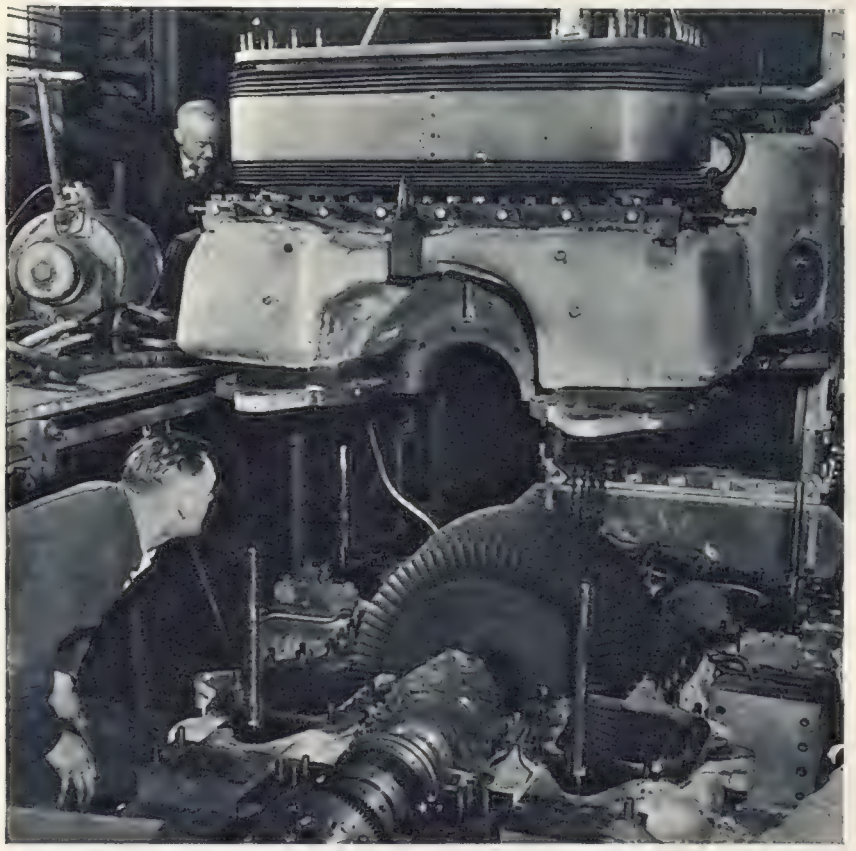


A GENERAL VIEW OF THE "AURIS'S" GAS-TURBINE ENGINE: This picture was taken during a recent demonstration trip arranged for specialists and members of the Press. Constructed by the British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., at Rugby, the turbine is of the simple open-cycle type. The output is 1,200 b.h.p. at the turbine-alternator coupling, or 860 kilowatts at the terminals. Fuel consumption has averaged 0·75 lb. a b.h.p. hour, with a daily consumption of about three-quarters of a gallon of lubricating oil.

WELDING THE AIR INTAKE AND EXHAUST COWL OF THE SHIP'S GAS TURBINE: The intake is situated for'ard of the funnel and leads directly to the compressor. At design condition the turbine unit's output is 1,200 b.h.p. Shop testing of the turbine began in June 1950 and was completely satisfactory.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TURBINE UNIT LYING BETWEEN THE "AURIS'S" DIESEL ENGINES: The gas turbine was installed at the Hebburn-on-Tyne yard of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn Leslie, with the help of the 150-ton Titan, the largest floating crane on the Tyne. One of the principal advantages of the gas turbine is that it has only two moving parts, as against scores in other engines.



THE LOW-PRESSURE TURBINE WITH THE TOP HALF OF ITS CASING LIFTED: The gas-turbine unit of the vessel *Auris* has actually two turbines. Hot gases from the combustion chambers pass to the high-pressure turbine, which drives the compressor, and from the high- to the low-pressure turbine, which drives the alternator. The whole engine is started by means of an electric motor.

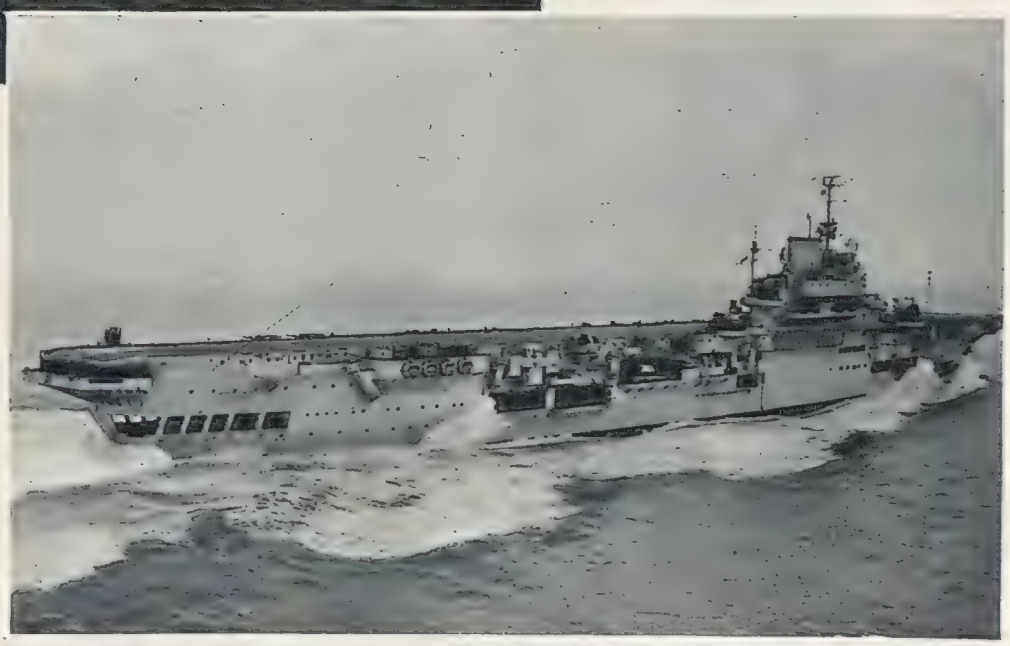
Although, during the three years since she was commissioned, the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company's vessel *Auris* has operated as a normal oil tanker on the trade routes of the world, she was designed by Mr. John Lamb, O.B.E., the distinguished marine engineer, as an experimental ship for testing at sea many of the devices—for safety, the comfort of the crew and more efficient cargo handling—produced by his technicians. At the drawing-board stage the ship was designed by Mr. Lamb to receive a gas-turbine alternator unit in place of one of the four Diesel-alternator sets by which she was previously powered. The change-over was effected last year after a suitable turbine had been designed, developed and tested by the British Thomson-Houston Company and the owner's research and development section under Mr. Lamb. This first and completely successful commercial use of gas turbines at sea was designed to give reliable service rather than high power. Other factors which make the appearance in marine guise of the gas-turbine engine so important are the lower running costs, relatively less weight and space required, and the reduction of wear and tear because there are so few moving parts. In a statement published after the *Auris's* successful round trip to the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Lamb said that much yet remains to be done before the gas turbine can be considered satisfactory in every respect, but the present rate of progress leaves no doubt in the minds of the sponsors of the experiment that the day is not far off when the gas turbine will rival steam turbine and Diesel installations in the matter of reliability and fuel economy and surpass both in respect of maintenance costs. From the results so far obtained in the *Auris* it would appear, said Mr. Lamb, that a new era in ship propulsion has been inaugurated.

THE HOME FLEET ASSEMBLES FOR THE SPRING CRUISE: The scene at Portland Harbour as units of the Home Fleet prepared to sail to Gibraltar, where they will be based for about two months. In the foreground of the picture, taken by a naval helicopter, is the Weapon-class destroyer *Broadsword*. In the background are two of the aircraft-carriers and the three-funnelled fast minelayer *Apollo*. The fleet is now operating under the new administrative organisation announced by the Admiralty last year. Under this new plan the big ships form the heavy squadron, while the lighter units come under the command of the Flag Officer Squadrons.

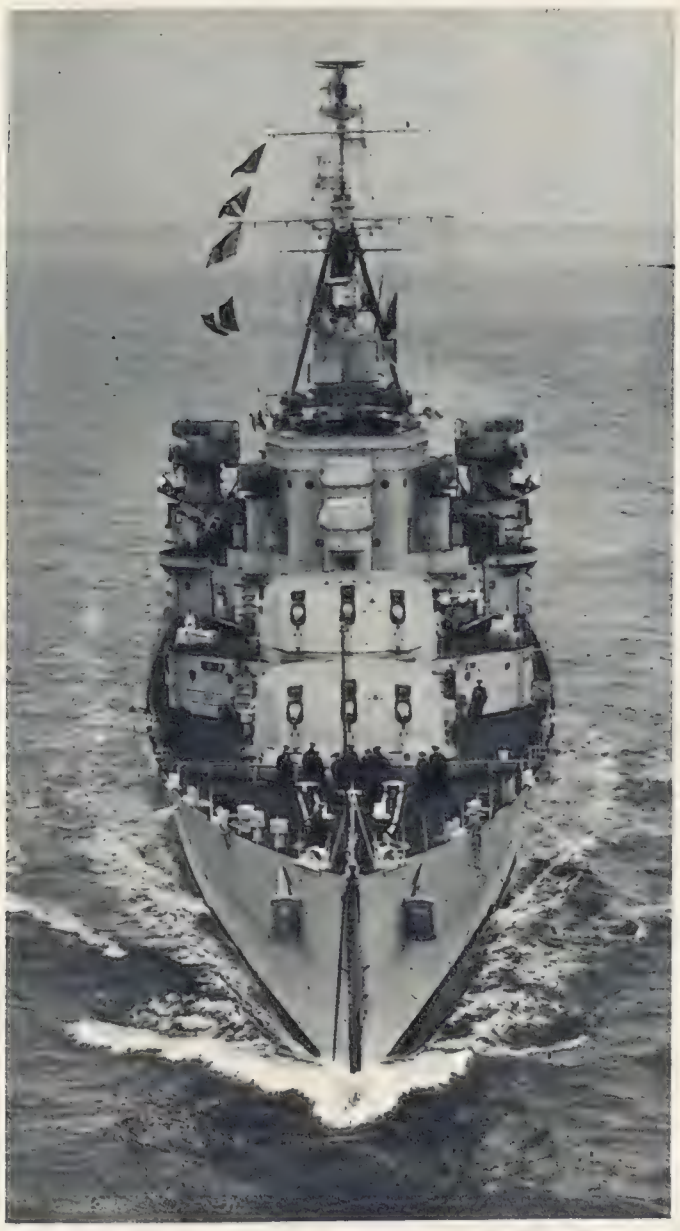
The HOME FLEET SAILS SOUTH

For Its Spring Cruise in the Mediterranean, and Operates Under a New Administrative Plan

Shortly after the start of the Home Fleet's Spring Cruise the minelayer *Apollo* paid the first official visit by a British warship to Spain since the civil war. The call was made at El Ferrol, the country's chief naval base on the Atlantic. Other visits which have been arranged for the Fleet include calls at Golfe Juan, St. Maxime, St. Tropez, St. Raphael, Nice and Monaco. The new Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir George Creasy, who is flying his flag in H.M.S. *Indomitable*, will stay at Golfe Juan for eight days. For the first time the Fleet is operating under a new administrative plan: as a heavy squadron, and with a Flag Officer Squadrons in command of lighter units. The heavy squadron includes aircraft-carriers and cruisers and the flagship, which hitherto has not been included in any squadron. The Flag Officer Squadrons has a cruiser as his flagship but no other heavy ships. For the present cruise the heavy squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Caspar John, includes the aircraft-carriers *Indomitable* and *Theseus*, while the lighter forces consist of the cruiser *Superb*, with two destroyer squadrons and one frigate squadron. Two aircraft-carriers of the Training Squadron, H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral R. M. Dick, the Flag Officer Training Squadron, and H.M.S. *Implacable*, are to join the Fleet at Gibraltar later this month. Before combined exercises with the Mediterranean Fleet some of the ships of the Home Fleet will take part in a N.A.T.O. Exercise in the Mediterranean.



THE FLAGSHIP OF THE HOME FLEET LEAVES PORTLAND FOR GIBRALTAR: The aircraft-carrier *Indomitable* embarked her air group in the Portland area and sailed direct to Gibraltar, where she joined up with the smaller ships under the command of Rear-Admiral W. G. A. Robson.



UNITS OF THE LIGHTER FORCES SQUADRON PUT TO SEA: These two pictures, taken from a naval helicopter, show, *on left*, the cruiser *Superb*, flagship of the Squadron, and, *on right*, the Fleet destroyer *Gabbard*. Other destroyers taking part in the cruise include *Agincourt*, *Jutland*, *Aisne*, *Corunna*, *Solebay*, *St. Kitts*, *Battleaxe* and *Crossbow*. The squadron-leader of the Sixth Frigate Squadron is *Loch Insh*. Altogether about twenty-six ships of the Home Fleet are taking part in the cruise.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE SEA-HORSE : The two pictures *above* are of a male sea-horse giving birth to the young from some of the hundreds of eggs deposited for incubation in his pouch by the female a month previously. *Inset on left*—Three of the baby sea-horses soon after birth. They are only three-eighths of an inch long and are compared in length with a pin. These pictures were taken in the aquarium at Marineland, Florida. The sea-horse, a charming, graceful little animal, grows to a length of about 7 ins. The end of its body narrows to a prehensile tail which it coils around the seaweeds among which it lives. Related to the pipe-fishes, it is a native of the Atlantic and Mediterranean, occasionally appearing on the south-west coasts of Britain. It swims with its body vertical, a single dorsal fin supplying its motive power, and is so-called from the odd resemblance of its head and neck to those of a horse. Numbers of them are to be found in the aquarium of the London Zoological Gardens.

SEA-HORSE BIRTHDAY

An Ice-fishing Contest and a Lunar Phenomenon in America

THE "IRON LUNG" ICE-FISHING CONTEST ON FOREST LAKE, MINNESOTA : Snow-ploughs on the frozen lake have cleared a pattern through the snow resembling an iron lung ; inside the area some 3,500 anglers are fishing through holes in the ice in a competition held partly in aid of the "March of Dimes," a charity started before the war by President Roosevelt to assist the victims of polio-myelitis. This novel contest was sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars post at Forest Lake.

A RARE LUNAR PHENOMENON SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES : This picture was taken in the early evening recently at Oakes, North Dakota. The ball of light in the centre of the cross is the moon, the cross itself and the surrounding halo resulting from unusual atmospheric conditions. Haloes around the moon or sun are not uncommon. The form most frequently seen is a circle, red on the inside, with red, green and blue on the outside, but the latter colours are so faint that the ring may appear white on its outer edge. They are caused primarily by the existence 20,000 to 35,000 ft. above the earth's surface of thin layers of cirro stratus clouds at very low temperatures. The clouds are composed of myriads of minute, six-sided ice crystals which reflect and bend the light of the sun and moon, so that, to the observer on the ground, a halo appears. In polar regions, where ice crystals are usually present in the air, brilliant haloes are common. Solar haloes with mock suns on either side are a related phenomena. In England solar and lunar haloes are frequent and are regarded by the old-fashioned weather prophets as portending rain.

THOMAS TOMPION, CLOCKMAKER EXTRAORDINARY

A Fascinating Research Into the Life and Work of England's Greatest Watch and Clockmaker, the Subject of a New and Lavishly Illustrated Volume

REVIEWED BY R. H. WILENSKI

Formerly Special Lecturer in Art, Victoria University of Manchester, and at Bristol University

"FOLLOWING his Majesty this morning," wrote John Evelyn on October 4, 1683, "I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her hair, newly out of bed, his Majesty and the gallants about her; but that which engaged my attention was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment. . . . The new fabric of French tapestry . . . the Japan cabinets, skreens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, chimney furniture, sconces . . . etc., all of massy silver. . . ." Evelyn noted the pendulum clocks because these were still a novelty in England (the first were made in 1658), and the pieces owned by the Duchess (*née* Louise de Keroualle), if not French examples, may well have been made by Thomas Tompion, "the Father of English Clockmaking," for we know that Lady Castlemaine, the earlier favourite, owned a Tompion clock in case of fire-gilt brass with mounts of silver, which the King is believed to have given her. Tompion, when Evelyn made that morning visit, was the fashionable maker of both clocks and watches; his watches indeed were clearly the *dernier cri* when Shadwell referred to them in his *Lancashire Witches* (performed at the Playhouse in Dorset Gardens in 1681); we read of them again in 1682 when a gentleman of Maiden Lane had his pocket picked of a large gold Tompion watch "with a studded case, having three motions viz. the Hour of the Day, the Minutes and the Day of the Month"; and a few years later a distracted lady tells the *London Gazette* readers that her "gold minute pendulum watch, made by T. Tompion," has been taken from her by six highwaymen on Bagshot Heath.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH CLOCKMAKERS: Thomas Tompion was as pre-eminently England's greatest watch and clockmaker, as was his contemporary Sir Christopher Wren her greatest architect. Tompion was much more famous in his own time than he is to-day.

This Thomas Tompion, to whom Mr. R. W. Symonds has just devoted a full-length book (*Thomas Tompion, His Life and Work*. By R. W. Symonds, F.R.I.B.A.—B. T. Batsford, £7 7s. net), with splendid photographs of his clocks and watches, was born in 1639, the son of a Bedfordshire blacksmith who owned houses and land in Biggleswade, and he began life in his father's trade. Of his career as a creative craftsman we have, thanks to Mr. Symonds, a most detailed record. In the days of his prosperity in London, when both Pepys and Wren were carrying his watches, he lived in Fleet Street (the Fleet Street of Ned Ward's *London Spy*); and in his workshops Ye-Olde-Masse-Production, with division of labour, was the rule; the wheels of his watches were made by one apprentice-assistant, the springs by another, the beautiful engraving on the dial plates by another, and so forth; these parts he assembled in clocks and watches which he numbered, and he is said to have turned out 6,000 watches and some 550 clocks—all details being, of course, entirely hand work or made by hand-operated machines. But of Tompion the man, we know only that he never married, that when someone brought him a forged "Tompion" watch for repair he smashed it and gave the owner a real one in its stead, and that at one time he tried unsuccessfully to launch a lottery. It is not known just when Tompion arrived in London, but he is recorded a Brother of the Clockmakers Company in 1671, when he was thirty-two, and "Free of the Company" in 1674.

It was an exciting time for a country-bred craftsman to come to the capital. For the Restoration was well in its stride, with Wren beginning the new St. Paul's; and Evelyn telling Wren and Pepys at dinner of the wonderful new woodcarver Grinling Gibbons; and Purcell composing music for Dryden's "Aurenge Zebe"; and the painter Kneller just arrived from Amsterdam and about to challenge Lely (who was twice his age) to paint a head of the Duke of York against him; and Sarah Jennings about to marry John Churchill and already Maid of Honour to the Princess Anne. There was much doing also in the world of science, where Tompion soon found his feet; for by 1674 he was making a quadrant for Robert Hooke, Curator of Experiments to the Royal Society; a year later he made a balance spring watch, designed by Hooke, which they took together to the King in order to demonstrate the mechanism as Hooke's invention (against the claim of the Dutchman Christian Huygens); and in 1676 he made two clocks for the newly-founded Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park, and John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, said of them: "My pendulum clocks were the work of Mr. Tompion: the pendulum, 13 feet long, makes each vibration in two seconds of time; the weights need only to be drawn up once in twelve months" (the Observatory clocks are extant, one in the British Museum and one owned by Lord Leicester; and the dials are shown in Mr. Symonds' book).

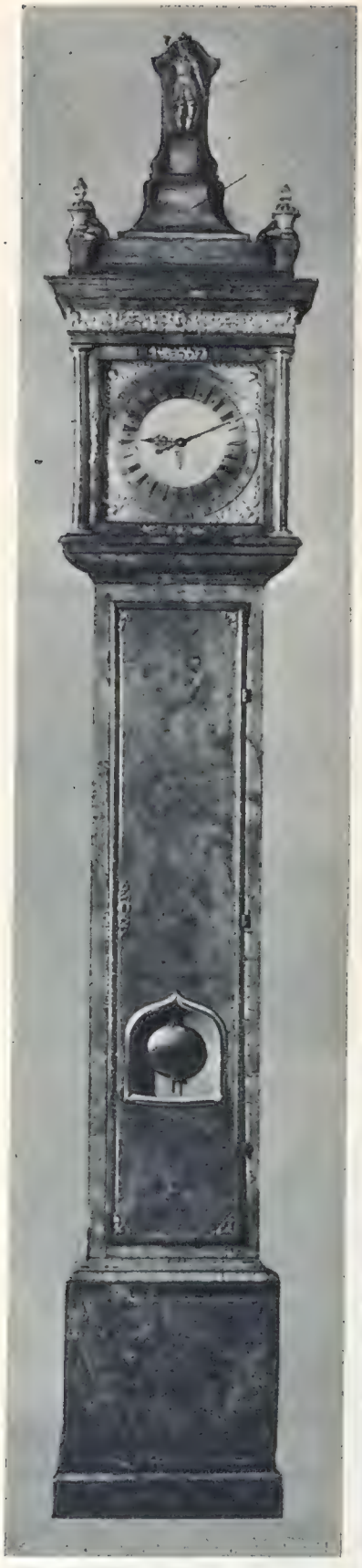
In this Carolean period, Tompion made many tall standing clocks (later known as "grandfathers") weight-driven, with the new pendulum regulators; and for these he had olive-wood parquetry cases made for him by craftsmen of the Joiners' Company. The Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge has a fine example with an "astrolabe" clock which shows, "in addition to the mean time in hours and minutes, the declination and position in the zodiac of the mean sun, the same data for the moon, together with its age and phase, and the altitude and azimuth (when above the horizon) of the mean sun, the moon and a number of selected stars . . . In this period he also made spring-driven table clocks, travelling clocks and alarm clocks, which were not really clocks but just alarms that could be set at anything up to thirty hours ahead—(he does not seem to have developed the alarm device invented about 1640 by Jacques Francart, Court painter and architect to the Infanta Isabella in Brussels, which struck a light at the same time as it rang the waking bell). It was about 1676 that the ingenious priest Edward Barlow invented the "repeating" mechanism whereby, when you pulled a string, the clock struck the last quarter and the hour, a device so convenient at night time, that repeating clocks became in great demand, and Tompion, helped again by Hooke, soon set to work to make them.

(*Concluded on following page*)

THE DIAL AND FRONT PLATE OF WILLIAM III'S YEAR SPRING CLOCK: This magnificent clock, which is shown in another picture on page 173, was made probably between 1695 and 1700 for King William III, whose private arms are engraved on the escutcheon in the centre. On his death William III left the clock to the Earl of Leicester. It is said to be the finest spring clock in existence, going for a year with one winding. It has indeed been known to go for thirteen months. It strikes the hours and has pull quarter repeating mechanism.

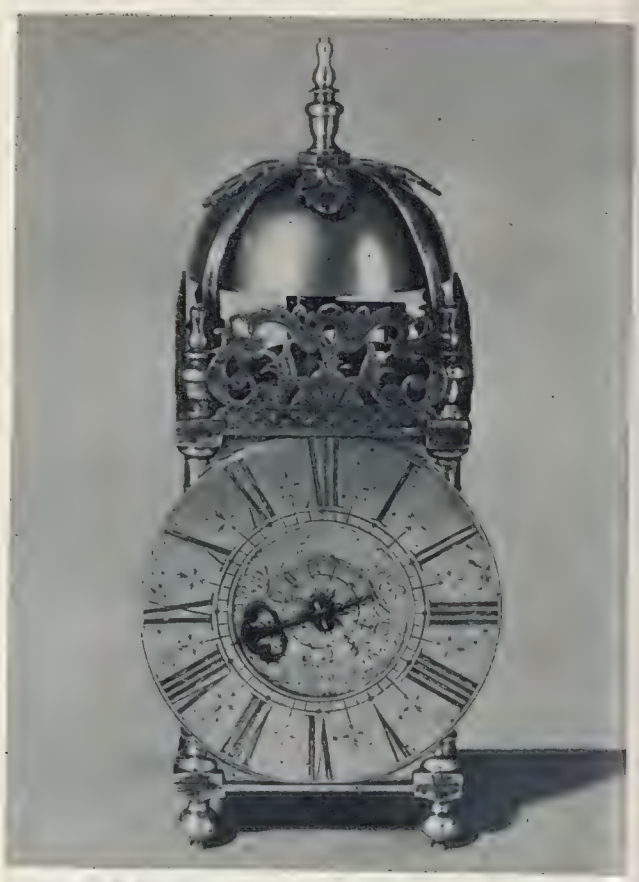
THOMAS TOMPION, CLOCKMAKER EXTRAORDINARY

Some of the Varied and Remarkable Productions of the Father of English Clockmaking



THE DRAYTON CLOCK : Tompion made this equation clock for Sir John Germain and Lady Mary Mordaunt, the Duchess of Norfolk, when they were altering and refurnishing Drayton House, Northamptonshire, which had been left to the Duchess by her father, the Earl of Peterborough. This is the earliest extant long-case clock by Tompion with fire-gilt metal ornaments. It was made not later than 1700 and stood in Drayton House for over two centuries. In 1928 it was purchased for £5,000 by an American. Later, it was bought by an English collector and passed into the hands of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

THE BACK-PLATE AND BACK-DOOR OF A TOMPION STRIKING CLOCK : The case is of red tortoiseshell inlaid with white metal. Judging by the lock, this case is of French make, but the engraved door at the back appears to be English. This clock was in the Wetherfield Collection and is now in a private collection in America.



A BRASS 30-HOUR ALARM WITH POSTED FRAME : This is an example of Tompion's small weight-driven alarms. They had no striking trains and were not called clocks. They were designed for travelling and were fitted into wooden carrying cases. Some of them were made of silver.

THE "TULIP TOMPION"—A "GRANDE SONNERIE" REPEATING CLOCK OF THE PRE-NUMBERED PERIOD : No auxiliary spring works the repeating mechanism, for the cord releases the *grande sonnerie* striking. This clock has a highly complicated movement which has fortunately suffered little restoration. The case is of veneered ebony with fire-gilt mounts, and because of the resemblance of the finials to tulips this famous clock has come to be known as the "Tulip Tompion."

A THREE-TRAIN REPEATING CLOCK WITH "GRANDE SONNERIE" STRIKING ON SIX BELLS : This clock, numbered 422, is in the Collection of the Duke of Portland. In the arch of the dial is fitted calendar work, the day of the month, the name of the day and a symbolic figure of the corresponding planet.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Helped by Hooke, he was also the first, or among the first, to make "pulse watches," i.e., watches fitted with a seconds hand for the use of doctors; and Hooke bought one such from him in 1679.

Tompion, as noted, was presented by Hooke to Charles II. But there seems no record that he worked for James II, and he was forestalled in those three years by the watchmaker Quare's patent for Barlow's repeating device adapted to watches. But he had peak success under William and Mary. For the Queen he made a large month clock in a walnut case and a spring clock in a tortoise-shell (possibly "buhl") case, and for the King, who was lavish as his patron, he made clocks, watches and barometers, including the famous repeating clock (now owned by Lord Mostyn); also the walnut long-case three-months clock with a perpetual calendar, which Queen Victoria gave to the second Duke of Cambridge and is now in Mr. J. S. Sykes's Collection; and the long-case year equation clock, with a 24-hour dial, an outer minute circle marked *Apparent Time* and an hour circle marked *Equal Time*, now at Buckingham Palace. The celebrated Drayton clock, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, made before 1700 for Drayton House, Northamptonshire, where it remained till 1928, is also a year equation clock; its pendulum swings in front of an 80-lb. weight; and a gilt warrior crowns the design of the tall case with its fire-gilt ornaments. His patent (with Barlow and Houghton) for a cylinder escapement (perfected later by his assistant George Graham) was taken out (with Barlow and Houghton) in 1695.

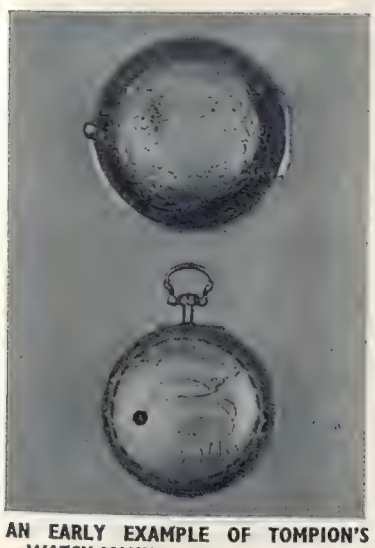
Tompion was sixty-three when Queen Anne ascended the throne and he made for her "a new swing clock" and for Prince George of Denmark a long-case year equation clock, with perpetual calendar (now at Buckingham Palace). It was in Queen Anne's reign, too, that he invented that "fascinating and educative toy," a moving model of the solar system now known as an "orrery"—a name given to it by Sir Richard Steele, who thought (wrongly) that a model made for Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, was the first example. Tompion had help in this from his assistant George Graham, who was also an astronomer, and an orrery, signed with both their names, which is extant, is said to have been made for the Queen and given by her to the Duke of Marlborough, who gave it to Prince Eugene, his co-victor at Oudenarde. There seems no record that Tompion worked for Duchess Sarah, but it is hard to believe that none of his work was at Marlborough House or Blenheim.

In his later years he went frequently to Bath to take the waters, and in 1709 he gave the new Pump Room the weight clock with month equation movement and arched dial in tall oak case with a Doric column up the centre, which still exists there. He died, aged seventy-four, in 1713, and his business was continued by George Graham, who became a member of the Royal Society—a distinction not achieved by his master, though he is sometimes referred to as F.R.S.

A MINIATURE TOMPION CLOCK OF THE PRE-NUMBERED PERIOD, *CIRCA* 1680: A front and a back view of an unusual Tompion. It was designed as a travelling clock with an alarm, but no striking train. The spandrels to the dial are of a rare pattern, for the cherubim's wings are folded; this design decorates the keystones of some of Wren's City churches. The case is of blued steel with silver mounts.

A TOOL OF THE CLOCKMAKER—AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WHEEL-CUTTER: The blank clock wheel to be cut was fitted to the small pin standing up above the horizontal disc, which is marked with the numbers of teeth to be cut. The large wooden pulley wheel actuates the cutter, and the horizontal handle on the left beneath the large wheel is to lift up the cutter so that the blank wheel being worked upon is free to be placed in position for cutting the next tooth.

THE BACK-PLATE OF A TOMPION REPEATING BEDROOM TIMEPIECE: It is a standard type timepiece in an ebony case. It is numbered 42 and is a foot high. This timepiece was in the collection of the late Percy Webster.



AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF TOMPION'S WATCH-MAKING: The three pictures above show the face, movement and case of a Tompion watch, numbered 65. An early feature is that Tompion's name does not appear on the dial. The box and outer case are of gold, finely engraved with a cypher surmounted by a coronet. The case-maker's mark is G.M. This watch dates from about 1680 and is in the collection of Mr. C. A. Ilbert.

AN ORRERY MADE BY TOMPION AND GRAHAM: An orrery is a model of the solar system. It is more dynamic than a planetarium, which demonstrates the annual movements of the planets, for it also shows the diurnal movement of the earth and the revolutions of the moon. It is worked by turning a handle. Tompion and Graham were the first to make this fascinating and educative toy sometime between 1700 and 1710, but through fortuitous circumstances it is named after Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. The silver border on top of the orrery is divided into three circles. The outer circle is engraved with the divisions of the zodiac, the middle circle with the months and the inner circle with the days of each month. The case is of veneered ebony.

KING WILLIAM III'S REPEATING CLOCK, WHICH GOES FOR A YEAR WITH ONE WINDING: This is the finest spring clock in existence and has been known to go for as long as thirteen months with one winding. The box-like base contains the two large springs and their fusees. The springs are fitted into barrels of 4-in. diameter and are connected with the fusees by heavy five-link chains. Tompion used gut for most of his spring-clocks, but when he wanted greater strength he used chain. The superb craftsmanship of Tompion's movement is equalled by the sumptuousness of the case, which is of veneered ebony, with all the ornaments in silver. This clock was made probably between 1695 and 1700 for King William III, whose arms are engraved on the escutcheon in the centre. It is now in the collection of Lord Mostyn.

The GREAT PENNINE TUNNEL

Building a Vital New Rail Link Between the South Yorkshire Coalfields and the Lancashire Manufacturing Area

BRITISH RAILWAYS DRIVE A NEW TUNNEL THROUGH THE PENNINE RANGE, LINKING THE MANCHESTER AND SHEFFIELD AREAS : This is the scene at Woodhead, on the Derbyshire-Cheshire border, at the western end of the new tunnel which emerges on the other side of the Pennines at Dunford Bridge, Yorkshire, and which runs parallel with the existing and obsolete tunnel, seen on the left of the picture with its twin entrances. In front of the portal of the new tunnel is one of the steel moulds on which the tunnel's concrete lining will be cast. In the centre of the picture is the concrete-mixing plant served by conveyer belts linking with stocks of sand, gravel and cement. This railway line is one of the arteries of communication between the North-West, the East Coast and the Midlands. Through the Pennines it carries a heavy flow of mineral traffic from the South Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottingham coalfields.

EXCAVATION NOT ONLY TAKES PLACE AT EACH END OF THE PENNINE TUNNEL, BUT ALSO THROUGH THE CENTRAL SHAFT AT THE SALTERS BROOK : The Salters Brook, forming the Yorkshire-Cheshire county boundary, is seen meandering in the background. In the extreme foreground is one of the five ventilation shafts serving the existing Pennine tunnel, and beyond is the pithead gear erected over the access shaft to the new tunnel. Through this shaft, 467 ft. deep, it has been planned to remove a total of 200,000 tons of rock, and already about half of this quantity has been taken out. Most of it is seen on the spoil bank.

A CONSTRUCTION CAMP ON THE MOORS : About 850 men are accommodated in this cluster of huts and bungalows set up near the eastern end of the new Pennine tunnel at Dunford Bridge, Yorkshire. In the middle distance on the right there are the dormitory huts, and there is also a main dining-hall, a cinema, a hospital and staff quarters. All the buildings are temporary, and nearly all were completed during the first year of work on the tunnel in 1949-50.

ON THE YORKSHIRE SIDE OF THE PENNINES—THE DUNFORD BRIDGE APPROACHES BOTH TO THE NEW AND OLD TUNNELS LINKING WITH WOODHEAD, THREE MILES ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS ON THE CHESHIRE-DERBYSHIRE BORDER: In the top left-hand corner are large stocks of sand and gravel ready for the mixing machines providing the concrete lining of the new tunnel. Road traffic, it will be seen, is being carried over the new cutting on a Bailey bridge, and later there will be a permanent road-bridge at this point. For the time being, rail traffic continues to flow at the rate of 170 trains per day through the 100-year-old twin tunnels seen on the right.

Since March 1949 the construction of the great new tunnel through the Pennines has been in hand, and over half the work is now complete. The recent aerial photographs reproduced on these pages illustrate the outward effects of this unique £3,000,000 civil-engineering project, which recalls the great days of British railway construction of the nineteenth century.

One of the vital rail links between the South Yorkshire coalfields and the Lancashire manufacturing areas round Manchester and Liverpool pierces the 1,500-ft.-high Pennine range between Dunford Bridge, in Yorkshire, and Woodhead, on the Derbyshire-Cheshire border. The line, which carries heavy and continuous traffic (about 170 trains per day), at present passes through twin single-track tunnels three miles long, built over 100 years ago. The effect of increasingly powerful steam locomotives over the years, difficulties of ventilation and deterioration of the tunnel lining in places have made the maintenance of the old tunnels in a safe condition impracticable, and their replacement by one new, double-line tunnel was eventually decided on. The completion of this new tunnel, which will carry overhead conductor wires, is planned to coincide with the final stage of the electrification of the whole of this line between Manchester, Sheffield and Wath, and traffic through the tunnel will be electrically hauled.

To accommodate two tracks and to allow for the concrete lining which will form the arch, a hole 30 ft. 6 ins. wide and 26 ft. high has to be made through 3 miles and 60 yards of unreliable shales and sandstones, in which such difficulties as faults and underground springs are encountered.

Work has been going on inwards from the two ends, and in each direction from a 500-ft.-deep shaft near the half-way point. First of all, a 12-ft. square pilot tunnel was driven; the headings of this were joined up last May, thus giving access over the whole length of the tunnel. When the last length driven from the central shaft met the western section driven from the Woodhead end, the error in line was found to be only $\frac{3}{16}$-in. The intensity of work is now rising to a peak as the tunnel is enlarged to full size from the pilot drive, and the placing of the 200,000 tons of concrete lining is begun.

There are some interesting contrasts between the present job and the driving of the original tunnels, the most striking being the living conditions for men employed on the site. Between 1839 and 1852 a maximum of 2,000 men were engaged on the works; to a great extent they had to fend for themselves in the matter of housing, and the resulting conditions were horrifying to contemporary humanitarian reformers, who complained of immorality, drunkenness and, worst of all, frequent Sunday work. In contrast to these primitive conditions, the 800 or so men now at work on the new tunnel are housed in a specially built camp, and provided with such amenities as a cinema, a hospital, a post office and store, and a temporary public-house.

THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW STARTS THE MONTE CARLO RALLY FROM ONE OF THE SEVEN STARTING-POINTS : Sir Victor Warren is seen signalling away the Jowett car driven by Mrs. H. L. Vaughan and Mrs. L. F. Ashfield. Sixty-nine starters left Glasgow, and their first check-point was at Llandrindod Wells. On this section of the route south ice slowed some of the cars down to 10 m.p.h. From the Welsh control to Folkestone the competitors had a comparatively easy night run.

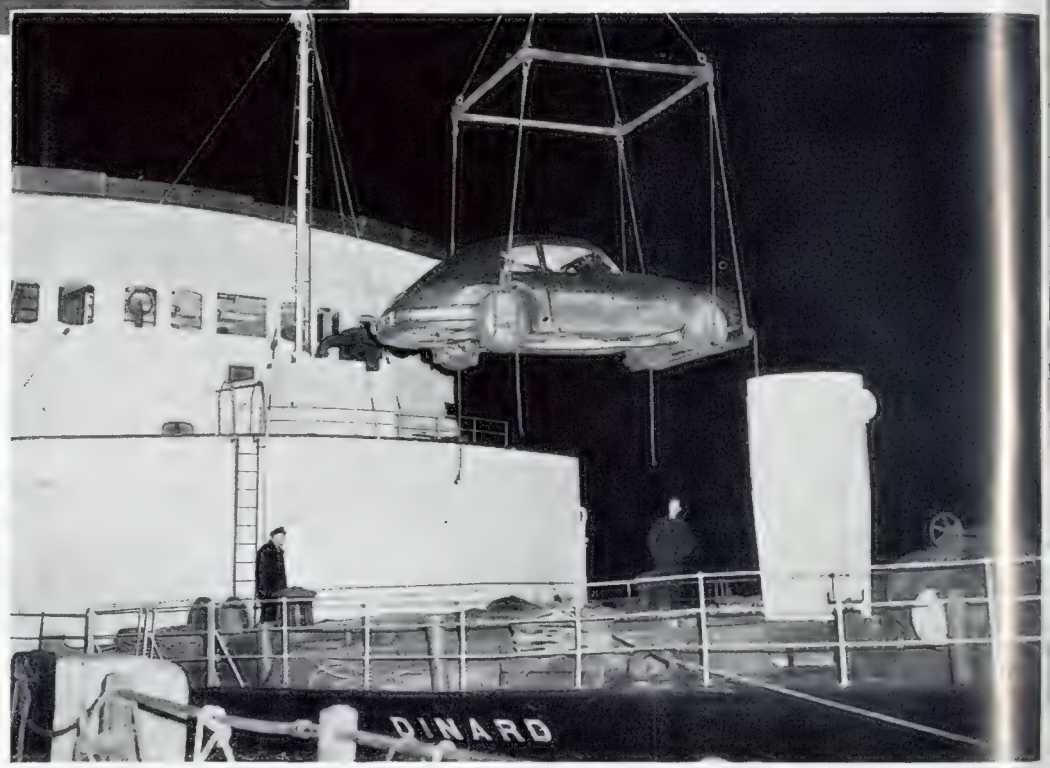
BRITAIN'S TRIUMPH AT MONTE CARLO

Sidney Allard Wins the Trophy, and Five British Cars Occupy Places in the Leading Six. Following Keenly Contested Battles on the Highways of Europe

Amid snow, ice and fog the competitors in the Monte Carlo Rally of 1952 converged last week on the Riviera. No fewer than 369 cars set out from seven international starting-points, sixty-nine of them coming from Glasgow, and until the final stages progress was good. An early tragedy marred the rally, however, W. Berger, a Swiss competitor, who started from Monte Carlo, being killed when his Citroen was involved in a collision near Mons. After the easy conditions at the start of the race the competitors from Glasgow ran into trouble south of Bourges, and the snowstorms were so severe that some of them could not keep going at all, while others drove with their doors open at a speed of 15 m.p.h. Many cars slid off the mountain roads, while others blocked the roads and were rammed by following cars. At one time five British cars from Glasgow were involved in multiple incidents of this kind. Only about fifteen drivers finished without losing marks, and the rally ended in a remarkable triumph for Britain, five British cars being in the first six places in the face of intense competition from the best French, Italian and German cars and drivers. Sidney H. Allard, driving a car of his own manufacture, was first, winning the trophy for Britain for the first time in twenty-one years. Stirling Moss, the brilliant British racing driver from Tring, was beaten by only four points and took second place in a Sunbeam Talbot. The last British victory at Monte Carlo was in 1931, when Donald Healey was the winner in an Invicta.

In the series of pictures on these pages various aspects of the rally are shown from the starting-point at Glasgow — one of the seven — through Northern France to a somewhat bleak Riviera.

PREPARING THEIR JOWETT JAVELIN FOR THE 2,000-MILE JOURNEY TO MONACO : Mr. R. V. Russell (right) and his co-driver Mr. S. Eddy, who were among the sixty-nine who set out from Glasgow. Stockholm, Oslo, Munich, Palermo, Lisbon and Monte Carlo were the other starting-points.



ONE OF THE RALLY CARS IS LOADED ABOARD THE S.S. "DINARD" : All the starters from Glasgow reached Folkestone in good order, and without losing marks. The S.S. *Dinard* was chartered for the occasion, and left Folkestone so promptly that several British railway and R.A.C. officials found themselves being taken to Boulogne against their wishes.

A SUNBEAM TALBOT PASSES THROUGH THE CONTROL-POINT AT BOULOGNE : This car, driven by J. Clegg and N. Hill, is seen as it headed out of the town towards Lille and Liége after being unloaded from the specially chartered transport S.S. *Dinard*. Later the route veered north towards Amsterdam, and then it brought the competitors southward to the Riviera, the most exacting stage being the final one through Savoy.

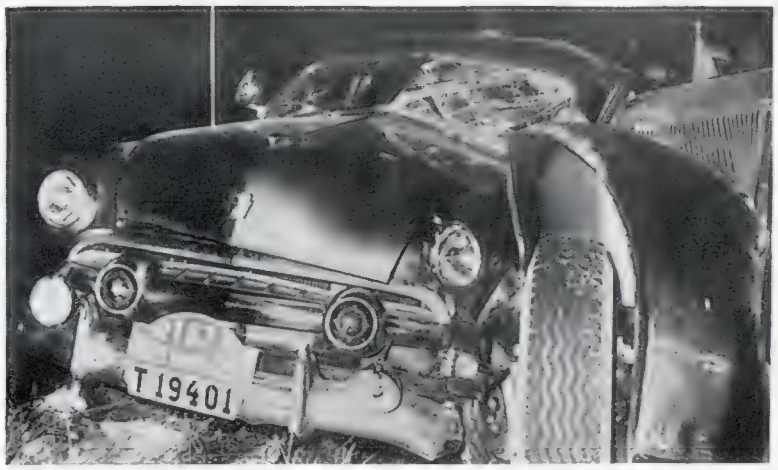
A MAN OF MANY GADGETS : Mr. M. B. Anderson, of Glasgow, in his Hillman Minx. Among other things his car is equipped with a soup heater. There is also a first-aid outfit and a cocktail bar in one door, and on the other door is a wash-basin with a hot-water tap.

MRS. MOLANDER, OF STOCKHOLM, WINNER OF THE COUP DES DAMES, SHOWS HOW SHE GETS REST WHILE ON THE ROAD : She is seen lying full-length in the passenger seat, while her partner is at the controls. By taking turn and turn about on this comfortable bed they were able to get the maximum possible rest on the 2,000-mile journey. This picture was taken when they arrived at the check-point near the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris.

THE COMPETITORS FROM LISBON REACH THE PARIS CONTROL-POINT : The contingent which set out from Portugal fared better in its timing than did some of the others, and the drivers did not have to travel in difficult weather conditions on the more tortuous sections of the route.

ITISH CAR WHICH TRIUMPHED IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY OF 1952 : The Allard, driven y Sidney Allard and Guy Warburton, climbing the Col de Braus Pass in the regularity test. y their success in this test over 74 kms. they won the Monte Carlo trophy for Britain, ving only 130 points marked against them. They finished the 2,000-mile road section to onte Carlo without penalty, and then came this test over a ceaselessly winding course.

THE JOWITT JUPITER WHICH SECURED FIFTH PLACE : In this car M. Becquart and H. Ziegler, who started from Lisbon, put up an excellent performance, receiving 162 points as compared with the 130 points of the winners. This Jowitt Jupiter followed home Cottin's Jaguar.



THIS SWEDISH-DRIVEN CAR CRASHED INTO A MEAT TRUCK IN CENTRAL FRANCE : The driver, Hellstrom, was injured, but his passenger was quite unhurt.

A COLLISION ON THE HIGHWAY NEAR RHEIMS : One of the English cars seen after it had come into collision with a French competitor at an early stage in the dash through France. At this point the roads were difficult, but not as difficult as they became later on in the contest.

THE SUNBEAM TALBOT MANNED BY STIRLING MOSS, DESMOND SCANNELL AND JOHN COOPER : Moss maintained his speed from start to finish of the rally with astonishing reliability. He found the snow caused wheel-spin on the hairpin bends, and this affected the distance recorded by the speedometers, throwing out the average speed calculations.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

PLANNING FOR AN ITALIAN HOLIDAY

By Air, Rail, or Road to a Land Which Caters Enterprisingly for the Thrifty Tourist

A WORLD without Italy is unthinkable to all civilised people; and each time that I revisit this enchanting land makes me increasingly aware of the fact. No country has fewer uninteresting places or more interesting ones. There is entertainment to suit all tastes and wishes. There is food for the mind, joy for the soul. Every visitor is received with courtesy, and a smile brings a smile. It is indeed a land of sunshine.

Unfortunately, Italy is no longer, as it was before the war, a paradise for the thrift-traveller, but there is no reason why, with a little planning, any normal person should not enjoy a perfectly adequate holiday there on the present basic allowance of foreign currency, and even, if they so desire, travel quite widely within the country. For, in this latter connection, the Italian State Railways have now introduced ten- and twenty-day season tickets, which provide unlimited travel during each respective period. An added attraction to users of these bargain tickets is that they can only be purchased outside of Italy, and their cost does not come out of the currency allowance. The prices are:

	1st class.	*2nd class.*	*3rd class.*
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
10 days ..	14 2 6	9 8 3	5 17 6
20 days ..	21 9 6	14 2 6	8 16 6

These tickets, incidentally, are operative from the Italian frontier station, so that even a train journey to Sicily and back, with, say, a detour to Ravenna and Venice in one direction, is perfectly feasible at a most reasonable cost. In addition, one could travel just as the fancy strikes you, and not be faced with that sometimes rather grim ordeal: obtaining a ticket at an Italian railway booking-office. For those persons, like myself, who crave to roam around Italy, love travel in trains, but who must consider expense, these "seasons" are surely gifts from the gods. And, by the way, you can buy these tickets through any travel agent or from C.I.T. (66-68, Haymarket, London, S.W.1), while the monthly Pozzo Railway timetable, covering all Italy, can be purchased from B.A.S. Overseas Publications (22, St. Giles' High Street, London, W.C.2); its price is 15s. By its aid you can "fireside" plan a Grand Tour of this classic land.

The Italians, I am convinced, excel every other country in Europe—even the super-efficient Swiss—in the enterprise shown and the comfort provided in their transportation services. Take, as an outstanding example, the network of luxurious coach services which link the main cities and resorts to the most important cultural and artistic centres. These services are mainly operated by C.I.A.T., a company established by the Italian State Railways.

C.I.A.T. offer a daily service (April 1 to October 31), which embraces most of the famous cities and towns of Italy. The complete circuit, which runs in both directions, can be taken in part or whole, and stops are arranged at interesting places en route for sight-seeing and meals. You can break your journey as desired, and the actual travel time occupies six-and-a-half days. The itinerary is Milan–Gardone Riviera–Verona – Vicenza – Padua – VENICE – Bologna (or Ravenna) – FLORENCE – Arezzo – Perugia – Assisi – ROME – Cassino – Caserta – NAPLES – Formia – ROME – Siena – FLORENCE – Montecatini – Pisa – Lerici – Rapallo – GENOA – MILAN. (The places designated in capitals are night-halts.)

The cost of this marvellous tour is only £14, and it does not come out of your travel allowance. Bookings can be made through leading travel agents or C.I.T., who can also arrange for you to pay in advance for meals and hotel accommodation. The coaches are most comfortable, carry a hostess, and have a refreshment bar on board. They deliver you and pick you up at your hotel, and having made the circuit myself, I can speak of it with unqualified recommendation. Not least of its attractions is that you mingle with passengers other than British, and thus obtain interesting new contacts with the outside world.

A CHARMING BACKWATER IN VENICE—AT ONCE THE MOST CHARMING AND LABYRINTHINE OF ALL THE ITALIAN CITIES: It is said, indeed, that the traveller to this remarkable city must go armed with a large map and must fix in his mind the main directions and lay-outs of the canals, islands and streets. Venice is inclined to be foggy in winter, and the traveller cannot really rely on good weather until April.

Other C.I.A.T. services include a day excursion to the Lombard lakes and a five-day circuit of Sicily, leaving and finishing at Palermo. Included in this tour is an excursion to Mount Etna; the cost is £8 8s., or £5 6s. if you finish at Taormina. This latter service only operates until June 9. In the Dolomites the motor-coach services are operated by S.A.D., and full details and bookings can be obtained from C.I.T.

For those who wish to conserve their basic travel allowance it is possible to make certain round trips of Italy by Linjebuss, a Swedish trans-European bus line, the starting-point being Paris. The cost, including hotels and meals but excluding your stay in Paris, is paid for in sterling and goes against the £250 Scandinavian travel allowance, leaving your standard £50 basic free for future use. The London agents of Linjebuss are A. Johnson and Co., Ltd., Africa House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Undoubtedly one of the minor objections to a holiday in Italy is the thought of the rather long train journey to get there and back, and especially in the hot summer weather, it can be quite exhausting. For those who can afford the cost, then going by air overcomes this difficulty. B.E.A. maintain a regular service with Milan (£49 3s. return); B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. have frequent services to Rome, as well as various other foreign airlines (£58 10s. return); and B.E.A. can take you to Catania direct. You should also enquire about possible current excursion fares on these routes. Within Italy there are certain internal air links.

A money-saving suggestion, however, would be to travel by a night-excursion plane (B.E.A. or Swissair) to either Geneva or Zurich, and then continue on by early morning train into Italy. By this method Milan can be reached in little over twelve hours from London, while the fairly short train journey takes you through truly magnificent scenery. If your destination should be the Italian Riviera, then the night excursion to Nice (B.E.A. or Air France) is recommended. From Nice you could continue on by train, or, better still, by daily motor-coach service that brings you to Genoa the same afternoon. This is a lovely drive, and the Italian coaches used are most comfortable.

Another alternative would be to travel by Linjebuss through to Stresa, Milan, Genoa, Rapallo, Pisa or Rome by the regular Linjebuss services from either Paris, Basle, Geneva or Nice. Hotel accommodation and meals en route are included in the fare, and, as previously mentioned, the cost is not debited against your basic allowance. From Paris the journey takes four days, but it is a holiday in itself.

Motorists can, of course, get planned itineraries from the motoring organisations, but I think it would be hard to better the circuits chosen for the C.I.A.T. buses, with the addition of excursions from any desired centres. Perugia, Siena and Naples are especially recommended in this respect. Then, from Milan, there could be a delightful excursion to the Italian lakes, and also to that amazing monument, the Certosa of Pavia; and, from Brescia, a lovely deviation might be considered through the Dolomites, although this would mean missing Verona and Vicenza, which is a pity, for both these towns are fascinating.

Another suggestion would be to include both Ravenna and Bologna in your itinerary, travelling *via* Rimini, with a short side-trip to that interesting and beautifully situated independent little state of San Marino.

To every sightseeing enthusiast Rome, Florence and Venice must obviously be the main meccas of pilgrimage. But there are at least a dozen other Italian cities which deserve to be far better known. In this list I would include Perugia, Parma, Genoa, Bergamo, Verona, Mantua, Siena, Bologna, Orvieto, Pisa, Palermo and Ravenna. In any other country each of these places would rank as outstanding attractions; which, of course, only goes to show how incredibly rich Italy is in its artistic treasures.

For those who want sun, sea and sand, the Italian Riviera and the neighbourhood of Naples are my first choice. And for those who wish to get off the beaten track, Portovenere and Tellaro, both on the Gulf of La Spezia, are lovely spots; while many might find the island of Ischia preferable to Capri.

Along the coast of Sicily, the most enchanting of all the Mediterranean islands, the summer heat may be excessive for some holiday-makers, but inland, at Enna, the "navel of Sicily," the climate is much cooler. It is an admirable centre for very interesting excursions, while it possesses an excellent hotel—the Grand—from which there are superb views.

Sardinia, too, is a most interesting island, with its mysterious prehistoric monuments (*nuraghi*), medieval Pisan churches, curious customs, lovely traditional costumes, and a most hospitable people. Hotel accommodation, however, might deter the fastidious. From Rome, Cagliari and Olbia can be reached in an hour or so, while there is also a nightly steamer service between Civitavecchia and Olbia.

For a perfect restful holiday in a perfect hotel, let me commend the Hotel Fonte di Napoleone at Foggio, on the island of Elba, where the setting is superb, as well as the local wine and lobsters. This mountain eyrie can be reached by boat from Leghorn or by way of Piombino and Portoferraio.

A final note: 1952 sees the celebration of the 500th anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci. There are to be exhibitions in various Italian cities, of which that to be held in Milan is the most outstanding. Full particulars can be obtained from the Italian State Tourist Office (201, Regent Street, London, W.1), from whom you can also get information concerning tourist travel in Italy.

Gordon Cooper.

Photographs by ENIT

THE GRÆCO-ROMAN THEATRE AT TAORMINA, IN THE SHADOW OF MOUNT ETNA: Taormina is one of the friendliest of all the Italian resorts, and there are a host of activities open to the visitor, ranging from fishing by moonlight and cooking the catch on the beach to climbing Monte Venere to watch the sunrise reflected in the snows of Etna.

MG PLUS★ FEATURES IN ACTION

She's off like a shot . . . first away from the traffic lights . . . up through the gears in a flash! The new rack and pinion steering, too, is light and direct-acting, positive and vibration-free. She's got stamina, this Midget, and just feel the response from those twin carburetters! Yet she idles in traffic at ten miles an hour with never a shudder. And more powerful hydraulic brakes can be relied on to bring you home in traditional M.G. Safety — *Fast!*

★ *Rack and pinion, direct-acting steering is a new "plus feature" of the T.D. series M.G. Midget. Other important "plus features" include:*

Powerful Lockheed hydraulic brakes.
Coil spring independent front wheel suspension.
Luvax Girling piston-type shock absorbers.
Wider, sturdier frame, roomier seating.
Luxury fittings, leathercloth facia panel.
Bigger tyres, disc wheels.

. . . and remember its grand sporting record

THE 'PLUS FEATURES' MG MIDGET . . . .

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS Safety fast!

62

Italy

SPRINGTIME IN ITALY

. . . . The marvellous re-awakening of nature in her cities, glittering gems in the history of art.

Reductions for tourists on the cost of railway travel and petrol. "Travel at will" railway tickets. Petrol coupons.

ENIT

Information from ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT), 201, Regent Street, London, W.1, and all Travel Agencies.

H A Rothholz

ORIENT LINE

TO AUSTRALIA

14 Cockspur St London S.W.1 Tel: Trafalgar 7141 or Agents

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CHESTER WILMOT'S SEVEN HUNDRED PAGES

A Brilliant Survey of the European Scene from Dunkirk to the Present Time

FROM its opening sentence, that "in the summer of 1942 400,000,000 people in Europe lay under the yoke of German rule," to its conclusion more than 700 pages later, Mr. Chester Wilmot's book about the Second World War is impressive, challenging and to be approached with the respect that the reader must feel for a writer with such a serious purpose. THE STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE (Collins. 25s.) opens on the eve of Dunkirk, when a detached observer might have supposed that the struggle had already been settled in Germany's favour, traces the events that led the Allies back to France, and then proceeds to an account of the Battle of Normandy, from the beaches to Paris. In the book's third part, Mr. Wilmot discusses why the Allied victory in France was not exploited, why the Germans were allowed to recover for a time, and, finally, how the Americans accepted Russian predominance both in Europe and Asia in preference to the survival of the British Empire, thus providing Stalin with the greatest of all his victories.

Mr. Wilmot is Australian, and it has been argued that he is therefore neither pro-British nor pro-American. However that may be, he is quite certainly a writer and a historian of considerable power and insight, and the author of one of the most important books yet to be published on the last war.

A. A. MILNE CELEBRATES HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY: Mr. and Mrs. Milne are seen taking tea together in their farmhouse home in Sussex. It is now nearly fifty years since Milne began his career as a journalist in London. The appearance in 1924 of *When We Were Very Young*, a book of children's verses with its central character Christopher Robin, set Milne among the popular writers of the day.

One of the great soldiers of that war was the American General Omar N. Bradley, and a quotation from the foreword to his book, A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE ALLIED CAMPAIGNS FROM TUNIS TO THE ELBE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), will give an idea of at least one of the qualities which gave him that title. "It is an unabashedly American story," he writes, "suffused with the pride of a professional soldier in the ability of his men. But more than that it is an *Allied* tale of an *Allied* endeavour. During a part of that campaign of twenty-seven months we fought under the British flag, grateful and proud in the knowledge that it had withstood the enemy's assaults for three years before we unwrapped ours on the battlefield to join it . . ."

I think those words are as good hearing now as they would have been eight or nine years ago, and I think, too, that they must be typical of the author of this immensely interesting and personal view of the campaigns described and of their commanders.

The most delightful book of memoirs that I have read for a long time is Mrs. Dorothy McCall's WHEN THAT I WAS (Faber. 18s.), which tells of her childhood in the last decades of the Victorian age, lived in an old, rambling mansion in Blackheath, as one of a family of fifteen children. Mrs. McCall's adored father was a physician, her mother his young second wife, and their household seems to have been a happy and gregarious one, even if their pleasures and entertainments now seem amazingly simple to us. As a lover of old Blackheath—and, by the way, the house described here still stands—I enjoyed every word of description of the place itself, its horse-drawn trams, its near-by river, its black fogs (greatly appreciated by the children for their diversionary merits), and its almost unique combination of town and country without the taint of suburbia. Mrs. McCall writes with a gentle humour, and a sentiment that is pleasantly philosophical in nature. For older readers her volume will surely provide delights, and it may also enchant a younger generation who do not believe that entertainment is synonymous with double feature films.

THE BROKEN LINK (Geoffrey Bles. 12s. 6d.) is the first book, though by no means the first writing, of a distinguished officer of the late Indian Army, who uses the *nom-de-plume* of "Cornet." Although I necessarily speak as one who has seldom been farther east than Fenchurch Street Station, I can genuinely say that I thoroughly enjoyed these recollections of hunting, travel and friendships among the Pathan tribesmen, and that "Cornet's" nostalgia for India, if it finds no echo, does at least find very receptive ears.

Mr. Philip Lindsay and THE LOVES OF FLORIZEL (Hutchinson. 15s.) strike very different notes. No more Victorian memories, or Indian adventures, but yet another assessment of the character and the *amours* of the Prince Regent, subjects which, even in Mr. Lindsay's practised hands, have very little freshness left for the biographer or social historian. The known list, Perdita, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Hertford, Lady Conyngham, and the rest, are passed in review and the rising and setting of their suns discussed, together with the ethics of the Prince's treatment of them, and some further details of the unhappy (and notably unattractive) Queen Caroline's career. Because the future George IV was a great deal more than a Royal lecher, and because Mr. Lindsay appreciates this circumstance to the full, the book is not only extremely readable, but informative to all but the most serious student of the period.

The other day there appeared a long and apparently exhaustive biography of Sir Henry Irving, by his grandson. This week we have a long and first-rate novel, by Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson, the subject of which is the love and conflicting ambition of a distinguished Victorian actor, white-faced, black-haired and wearing *pince-nez* off the stage. His love and eventually, after many vicissitudes, his wife, is a young actress of great ability, whose complete devotion to him still does not obscure her determination to be his leading lady with more or less equal billing. As a novel of the theatre, CATHERINE CARTER (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is superb; as a study of two passionate egotists it is even better.

Miss Norah Hoult devotes almost too great a proportion of her new novel, FROZEN GROUND (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), to an account of the unremarkable childhood of her heroine, growing up slow, how slowly, in an English provincial town, so that one already seems to see the shape of a sequel in which, having got as far as a London train by the end of the first volume, she will actually have settled herself down in the flower of cities. However, in spite of the lack of pace, Miss Hoult writes with the most delicate observation, never out of key, and often with a sensitivity, in spite of her outwardly humdrum material, that is very rewarding.

Miss Mary Jane Ward, who wrote *The Snake Pit*, has a far less sensational theme for her new novel, A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC (Gollancz. 10s.), which deals with twenty-four hours of retrospection in the life of a forty-year-old woman. The scene is an American town, possibly in the Middle-West, and the relations and lost lovers who surround the principal character are of the same respectable and well-bred circle. In spite of the apparent restraint of this atmosphere, though, the novel is far from tame, and one realises again that this is a writer of real power who has no need to depend on the nature of her subject for her literary effect.

THE VILLAGE (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) is both talented, as one would expect from Miss Marghanita Laski, and true, as distinct from exactly factual. Which is to say that in its essential implications, class does still exist, even in democratic England, that towns are swallowing up villages and that factories are encroaching on fields, that the makeshifts of the new poor are both pathetic and gallant, and that Love can Still Conquer All. In the village of the story it is the first year of peace, black-out curtains are coming down and social distinctions, ignored under A.R.P. conditions, are going up again, as exemplified by the love-affair between the major's daughter and the charlady's son. This is far from being a carbon copy of a real situation, but throughout the book there breathes a reality and a sane kind of observation that distinguish it and make it, in my opinion, memorable.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Chatto and Windus. 11s. 6d.) is a novel based on the successful play of the same name, but although the latter was written by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, the novel is by Mr. Adrian Alington, an unusual but quite a happy arrangement in this case. For those who have seen the story neither on stage or screen, I should explain that it concerns a self-governing Mediterranean island to which a new Governor is sent out from England. He is a Trades Union official, and therefore not the traditional type for the job, but his courage and integrity make their mark, and he, in his turn, finds that he can learn from his more formal subordinates. An enjoyable tale, and not without humour.

Mr. Carter Dickson's new detective story has the familiar and rotund figure of Sir Henry Merivale rampaging through its pages, and is all the better for it, particularly in the scene in which this unconventional sleuth has a mud-pie battle with a visiting bishop. For the rest, the story is adequately mysterious, and, on the whole, NIGHT AT THE MOCKING WIDOW (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is well up to standard—both Mr. Dickson's and the reader's

PANORAMA (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a collection of seven tales of the West Riding by that eminent Yorkshire novelist, Miss Phyllis Bentley, covering some of its history from 1592 to the present day when, as the author writes in one story, there is a social system "which by making so many rules made so many crimes of such small transgressions." This one is called, with exquisite aptness, *Everything Under Control*. The stories are very varied but generally dramatic in tone, and I enjoyed them thoroughly.

KENNAN AND DE CASTRO

Two Writers and Their Approach to Vital World Problems

World issues of the first magnitude are raised by Josué de Castro, chairman of the Executive of the Food and Agriculture Organisation, and George F. Kennan, an American career diplomat, in two new volumes, both of them down to earth and deeply realistic. In GEOGRAPHY OF HUNGER (Victor Gollancz. 18s.), Dr. de Castro presents continent by continent and country by country the world's appalling record of malnutrition, disease, famine and death. New Guinea, where eight out of every ten children die before reaching puberty, and Cuba, where a family of five has to live on a daily energy total sufficient for only one person, are cited as particularly tragic examples. Fifty per cent. of Chinese mortality, we are told, is directly or indirectly caused by chronic food shortages. Neither Dr. de Castro, nor Lord Boyd Orr, who writes the introduction, believes that the eradication of hunger is other than a perfectly available objective; it is only Utopian in the sense that the world must have at least fifty years of uninterrupted peace to secure a better adjustment of men to the lands they occupy and a better distribution of the gifts of the land among men. Dr. de Castro comes into violent collision with the Neo-Malthusians, who would solve our problems by limiting population, and he believes, indeed, there are billions of the world's acres which could be brought into production to support four times the present population on a rational diet. He regards the policy of restriction as the reflection of the mean and egotistical sentiments of people living well and who are terrified by the disquieting presence of those who are living badly.

No less world-embracing in its assertions and conclusions is George F. Kennan's AMERICAN DIPLOMACY 1900-1950 (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), a remarkable survey by an unusual American who, in expounding the profitlessness of total victory, the utter all-round bankruptcy it brings in its train, indicates how the United States should conduct herself, particularly in relation to Russia, if total war is to be avoided. "We will get nowhere," he urges, "with an attitude of emotional indignation directed towards an entire people. Let us rise above these easy and childish reactions." In his concluding chapter, Mr. Kennan asks the question. will Russia suffer a change of heart. He rather naïvely believes she will, but makes it plain beyond all doubt that no great and enduring change in the spirit and practice of Government will ever come about primarily through foreign inspiration or advice. If war is to be avoided and time is to be gained for the working of more hopeful forces, Mr. Kennan admits the necessity for the rearming of the free nations and the necessity for an adroit American foreign policy, but over and above all, he asserts the need for good example; America needs to put her house in order, to acquire a new spirit and purpose in her national life, signs which the rest of the world will be swift to recognise when they emerge. It may well be that the masters of the Kremlin will find deep-seated comfort in these assertions, but let it be said that Mr. Kennan is no advocate of appeasement in the 1939 sense of the term but he does roundly oppose the mentality that accepts inevitably the drift to war, and therein he does a service.

Seton Gordon, a Highlander born and bred, with an abiding love of the high and remote places, is the author of the latest of the "County" books, HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND (Robert Hale. 18s.). History, traditional lore, local ways, industry, agriculture, wild life and archæology all have a place in this fine volume by one who first climbed the Scottish hills over fifty years ago, and who has never forgotten the enthusiasms of his boyhood.

Eric Parker, who wrote the volume on Surrey in the "County" series, is the author of SURREY NATURALIST (Robert Hale. 18s.), a book devoted to the natural history of the county. To Surrey belong unique natural charms, and when Mr. Parker takes up his pen it is hard to believe that he is writing about what some people call "stockbroker land." He even makes Richmond Park appear charmingly remote, though it is only a mile or two from the purlieus of Hammersmith and Fulham.

Now in its sixth year of publication, THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR (Collins. 12s. 6d.), edited by Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Lyon, makes its most welcome appearance, and, as usual, it is full of fine action pictures taken over the sticks, on the flat, in the show ring, and in the hunting field. This year, if anything, the fare is a little more varied than usual, Mr. A. D. Hippisley Coxe, who has made the "big top" his especial concern, writing on "Some Aspects of Circus Riding," while Viscount Knutsford writes with pith and point on "The Changing Face of the Hunting Field." John Hislop reviews the last National Hunt season, a season in which the old horses enjoyed remarkable triumphs, notably those grand 'chasers Red April and Silver Fame, also Hatton's Grace and National Spirit, those fine exponents over hurdles. Altogether this is a most complete volume, and as the years roll on its value as a well-written, well-illustrated record will be increasingly appreciated.

A pleasant volume for the sportsman is A HUNTING MAN'S RAMBLES (George Ronald. 12s. 6d.), by Stanislaus Lynch, who tells of hunting in Ireland. He writes well and with a relish the reader will readily share.

Winter's charms..

MUSIC
DANCING
ICE-SKATING
Ggolf
RIDING
CINEMAS
THEATRES

In Bournemouth, Winter wears its mildest aspect. Sheltered from the North, the golden sands, the evergreen parks and gardens of the city and the lovely countryside around are a charming invitation to every sort of pleasurable activity. In Bournemouth there is no off-season. Interests and amusements of every kind are available throughout the year—whenever you can fit in a visit.

Bournemouth

WHERE THE SEASON IS NON-STOP

Send for Guide Book, Post 6d., P.O. please, or Free Folder and Hotel List from W. Birtwistle, Information Bureau, Room 66 Bournemouth.

Restaurant Car Expresses from Waterloo. All Pullman "Bournemouth Belle" runs daily.

February

The need to prepare for the future is not confined to the birds of the air. In human activities, also, we look ahead to safeguard those who depend upon us. To this end many thousands of people have sought the wise and friendly aid of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company. The Company is ready to be of equal service to you and inquiries will be welcomed at any branch of the Midland Bank.

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE
COMPANY LIMITED

If it's an occasion...

one of the great days that happen just once in a lifetime... what better way to express all that you feel than by giving a fine Swiss watch? ...*to make sure* you choose a watch that will be treasured far into the years to come...

make it a

MOVADO

the highly prized watch

CALENDOPLAN — The *date*, hour, minute and second at a glance; dust-proof, anti-magnetic

168 FIRST OBSERVATORY AWARDS

Sold and serviced by leading jewellers all over the world

Sunshine for Sale

FIRST-CLASS EXCURSION FARES TO SOUTH AFRICA during May and June SAVE 20%

Rest and relax on a Union-Castle liner to South Africa, land of sunshine. Travel during May or June, and save up to £60 in the first-class fares to South Africa and back.

14 days at sea on a beautifully appointed Union-Castle liner provide a perfect prelude and ending to your holiday. Ask for illustrated literature and for details of Shore Excursions.

Sail for Sunshine

by **UNION-CASTLE**

the 'BIG SHIP' way to SOUTH AFRICA

Apply: Head Office, 3 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3
West End Passenger Agency: 125 Pall Mall, S.W.1

GOOD CARS HAVE

BRITISH LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like Leather
Adequate supplies are now available

When friends look in

"Black & White" ranks high as an entertaining part of any programme. This fine Scotch is blended in the special "Black & White" way and the experienced host knows he can offer nothing better.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI.

Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

DIAMOND RINGS WANTED!

We specialise in the purchase of Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Watches and Ear-rings, and pay from £10–£1,000 for good quality articles. Register your parcel now and you will receive cash or offer per return post

M. HAYES & SONS LTD.
106, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1. 'Phone: HOL. 8177
Valuation by Qualified Expert (Fellow Gemmological Association).

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" bread and butter

BINOCULARS FOR TRAVEL!

Sight-seeing is infinitely more pleasurable with Binoculars but you need expert advice in choosing the right pair. Call and let us help you choose from the leading British makes —or send for catalogue 3d. post free. Phone: Mayfair 7511

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING — SUPPLIERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT

Wallace Heaton LTD
127 New Bond St., London W.1.

Do you want to be better informed of what goes on?

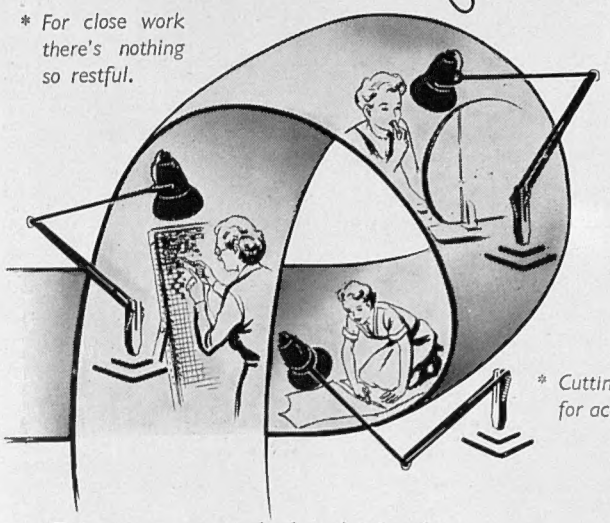
Do you want unbiassed news responsibly reported?

Do you want the liveliest, best informed review of the theatre, books and the arts?

Read the
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY

Every Thursday, price Threepence
Order from your newsagent—he can supply regularly
By post to any part of the world, **18s. 6d.** *a year*

Get the work right with this *flexible* light



* For close work there's nothing so restful.

* Make-up is made easier, with an Anglepoise,

* Cutting-out calls for accuracy.

IT'S HIGH TIME you had an Anglepoise—bringing light where you want it, at a finger touch in 1,001 positions. Out of use it folds up in small space. In black, cream, or cream-and-gold. All Electricians or Stores. From £4.19.6 inc. P.T.

THE **TERRY** *Anglepoise* **LAMP**

Pat. all countries.

THE LAMP YOU CAN TURN TO ANY TASK

Sole makers: **HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH,** London, Manchester, Birmingham T.A.16.M

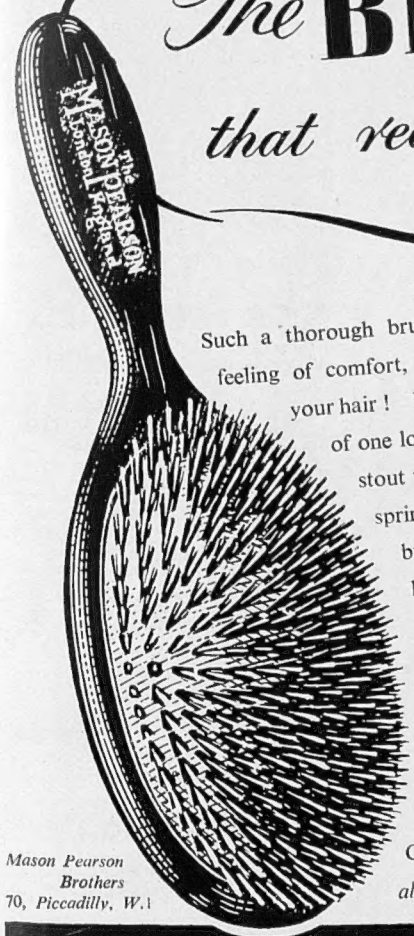
and NOW Fine Quality White Hemstitched

HANDKERCHIEFS

Horrockses REGD

the Greatest Name in Cotton

The BRUSH *that really brushes*



Such a thorough brushing, such a delightful feeling of comfort, as the Mason Pearson goes through your hair! Each tuft of this famous brush consists of one long and several short strands, in nylon or stout wild boar bristle. Feel how the long, springy strands delve deep into your hair! Gently but thoroughly massaging the scalp, they loosen all dust and dandruff, which is swept out by the shorter, thinner strands . . . restoring your hair-style as the hairdresser left it! Mason Pearson, the original pneumatic rubber cushion hair brushes, were patented in 1885. In attractive colours, prices from 21/- to 75/- (incl. Purchase Tax). Cleaner supplied with every brush. *At Boots and all other leading chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

Mason Pearson Brothers
70, Piccadilly, W.1

MASON PEARSON
London England

They know from their own experience that the COURTIER STOVE provides the answer to winter fuel problems.

Burns day and night on any solid fuel. Attractive enamel finishes.

EASILY FITTED TO EXISTING FIREPLACES

Write for Brochure No. 42/26

MITCHELL, RUSSELL & CO. LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

At Wembley..

.... or at Twickenham

...or wherever fine cigarettes are appreciated... smokers prefer

12

The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY. LONDON. W.1.

For Sherry connoisseurs

... including many of to-day's most famous and distinguished personalities—the name Marques del Real Tesoro means sherry of outstanding refinement and distinction. Real Tesoro "*Ideal*" is a genial, highly-bred Fino Amontillado that is sheer delight to the perceptive palate of sherry connoisseurs. For those who prefer a smooth, golden Oloroso, there is Real Tesoro "*Almirante*"—with its subtly attractive bouquet and rich, full body. Those who know sherry also appreciate the distinctive qualities of "*Torero*," a smoothly elegant Amontillado Fino; of "*Andaluz*" Medium Dry Amoroso; and of "*La Capitana*", a superbly dry and pale Manzanilla.

20/- *per bottle*

MARQUES DEL

REAL TESORO SHERRY

(*The Spaniards say Ray-AL Tes-ORO which means Royal Treasure*)

FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT

Sole Importers : C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WHILST in the spring a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love, it is evident from the correspondence which reaches me from home and overseas readers that in the months of January and February many people's thoughts are concentrated on planning a holiday.

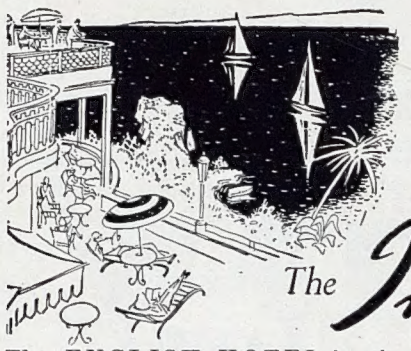
It is always particularly pleasant to hear from overseas readers, because in many cases they are out of touch with the ever-changing hotel world. Fortunately, in spite of the difficulties of the times, many well-known hotels remain as before, and it is to their credit that a body of American Travel Agents, who toured Britain recently, volunteered the information that the service and comfort they experienced were of a higher standard than those to be found in the U.S.A. to-day.

A Singapore reader is coming home in February, taking delivery of a new car on arrival in this country (lucky fellow !), and wants to hear of a good hotel in the Dolgelley region of Wales, and also of a smallish, first-class hotel within two miles of Trafalgar Square.

The Dolgelley problem is easily solved. In the town itself there is a fine old coaching inn, *The Golden Lion Royal*, and this serves to illustrate once again how the fortunes of a hostelry can ebb and flow, for, two centuries ago, Wordsworth wrote of it : "If you ever go to Dolgelley, don't stay at the *Lion Hotel*. There's nothing to put in your belly, and no one will answer the bell." To-day, you will find good fare, warm, comfortable lounges and a welcome from Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, who always anticipate the needs of the traveller. At Gwernan Lake, lying in the shade of Cader Idris, is the *Gwernan Lake Hotel*, run by Mr. and Mrs. George Hall, and in this peaceful hotel those who do not hanker after the bright lights and amusements of the town will find contentment. Yet Dolgelley, with its market, cinema and shops, is but two miles away. To complete the trio is *Bontddu Hall*, situated on the sheltered side of the Mawddach Estuary, five miles from Dolgelley, where the resident owners are Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall. With some twenty bedrooms, fifteen acres of gardens, and sandy beaches and bathing but four miles away at Fairbourne, *Bontddu Hall* is yet another "find" for those prepared to stay at an hotel which is near, and yet not actually on, the sea.

For London, two hotels came to mind in replying to my inquirer from Singapore. One was *The Stafford Hotel*, St. James's Place, just off St. James's Street, happily situated away from the noise and bustle of traffic and within a stone's throw of Green Park. Here is to be found a personal touch and service which one cannot hope to receive at the larger hotel, where the occasional visitor can be but a room number. My other choice was the *St. Ermin's Hotel*, close by St. James's Park Underground Station, and a minute's walk from the Broadway, Westminster, with frequent bus services to the City and the West End. During the past year a great deal of reconstruction and redecoration work has gone on at this hotel, and now, under the personal management of Mr. A. Gilles, *St. Ermin's* has taken its rightful place among the quieter and most comfortable hotels in London's centre.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.



THE CONTINENT COMES HOME

Laze at one of the finest Hotels in Europe, in a semi-tropical situation a few hours from your door. 150 superb bedrooms... 5 acres of grounds fronting the sea... own tennis and squash, golf nearby ...all the comforts and smiling service of a famous Hotel. Write for brochure G.

The Imperial TORQUAY

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

BROADWAY, WORCS. THE LYGON ARMS

For innkeeping in the best English tradition; for a personal welcome, warmth, comfort, good food and wine, be sure to visit this historic and hospitable house. Always in season. Tel.: Broadway 2255.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of lovely gardens, Golf, Fishing, Boating with Bowls and Riding nearby. An excellent hotel for a holiday at any time. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

"The Gateway to the West." A beautiful old eighteenth-century coaching house in the quiet of the Cathedral Close, packed with the relics of a more leisured age, yet with every modern amenity. Well appointed bedrooms. Restaurant, Cocktail Lounge, Lift. P.O. phones all rooms. R.A.C., A.A. Tel.: 4071/2.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL

First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed, P.O. 'phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Under personal supervision of Managing Director. Apply Manager. Hendon 1456.

JERSEY, C.I. **ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL** (1st Register)

Beautifully positioned and providing everything you could wish in holiday enjoyment. Sands, sea and the southern sun. Ballroom (resident orchestra); Bavarian Bar. 1¼-hrs. flight from London. Now booking for Spring. Write R. H. Colley. Tel.: St. Aubin 1.

Via OSWESTRY. **LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL**

(34 miles west of Shrewsbury), with its fascinating outlook over lake and mountain, offers not only first-class Trout Fishing, but manifold opportunities for a healthful Country House holiday at all seasons. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244.

PENZANCE, QUEEN'S HOTEL

A full quota of sunshine overlooking Mount's Bay. The best headquarters for seeing the Cornish Riviera, from St. Ives to Land's End and the Lizard. Write Manager. Tel.: 2371.

RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL

A completely self-contained, fully licensed holiday hotel. Heated sea-water Bathing Pool, 9-hole Golf Course, Putting, Hard Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra)—all free to residents. Riding available. Fully inclusive terms 35s. to 47s. 6d. per day. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

SALCOMBE, S. DEVON. **TIDES REACH HOTEL**

What a lovely address for a seaside holiday! Here on the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and fine walks, are added the finishing touches of comfortable accommodation and an understanding of food and wine. Tel.: 288.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. MEDEHAMSTEDE HOTEL

At this long-established, 65-bedroom hotel, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Crawley offer a personal WELCOME in the fullest sense of the word. Delightfully situated, facing south; nearby facilities for Sea Fishing, Shooting, Golf. Licensed. Tel.: Shanklin 2101.

SIDMOUTH, DEVON. BELMONT HOTEL

Best in its own class. Refined and unostentatious. No music, dancing or cocktail bar, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort, and always abreast of the times. Under same management for 30 years. Special Winter terms for a long stay, on application. Tel.: 1261.

CARLYON BAY HOTEL, Nr. ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall.

In the centre of the Cornish Riviera. Facing south and overlooking the sea. Mild climate. The ideal hotel for early holidays amidst sub-tropical plants and spring flowers. Own Golf and Tennis. Write or phone PAR 404 for illustrated Brochure.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of park land. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

WINCANTON. HOLBROOK HOUSE HOTEL

Somerset scenery and all that Somerset is famed for, on or near our doorstep. A holiday at Holbrook is an experience that you will wish to repeat. Golf, Tennis, Sight-seeing and a delightful Country House environment. Tel.: 2377

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W.1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

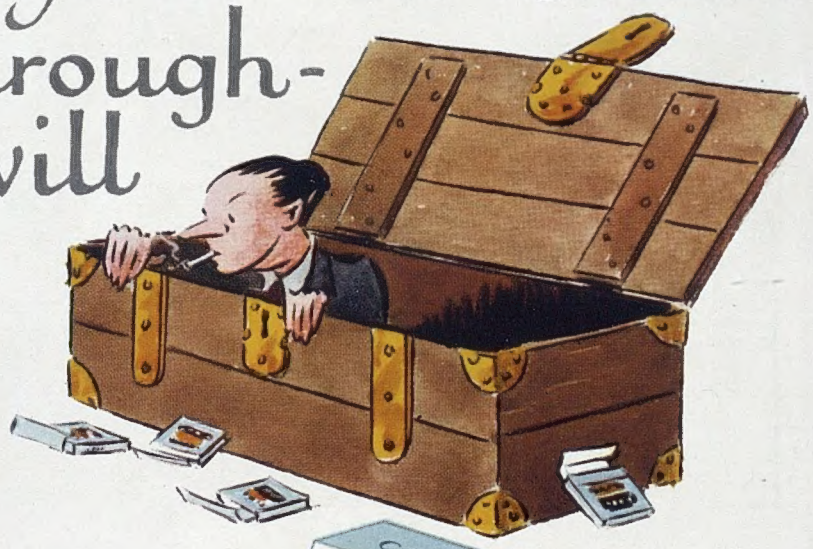
FEBRUARY

'Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.'

Gambolling lambs find their feet. On the 14th hearts are 'arrowed by Cupid. Pancakes flip. An anxious time for bachelors who should look before they LEAP. 'Eligibles' who remain in hiding throughout the YEAR will be more than ever glad to have a

Capstan

— made to make friends



FEBRUARY FILL THE DYKE

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

CC762D

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.